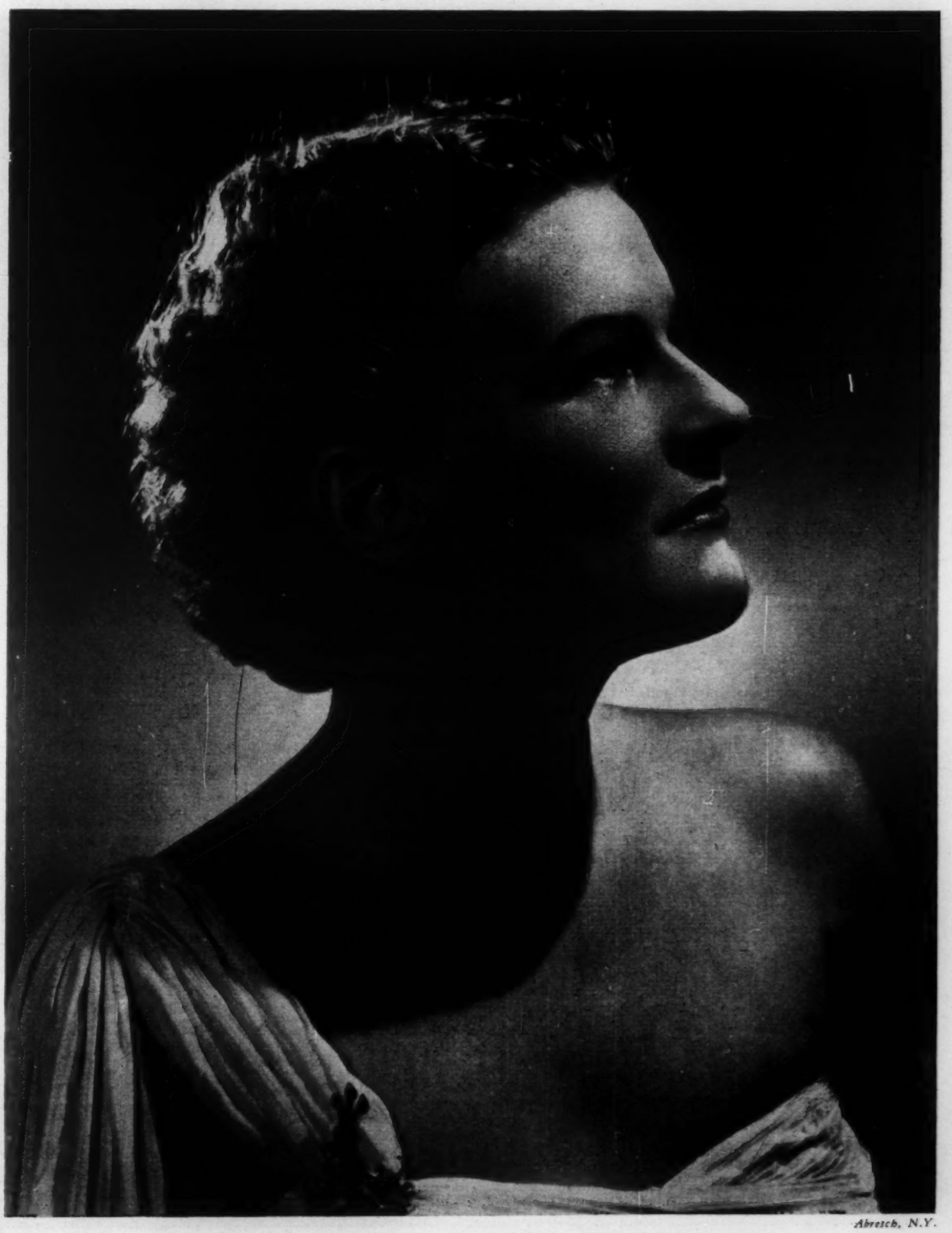
Saturday Night

September 26, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

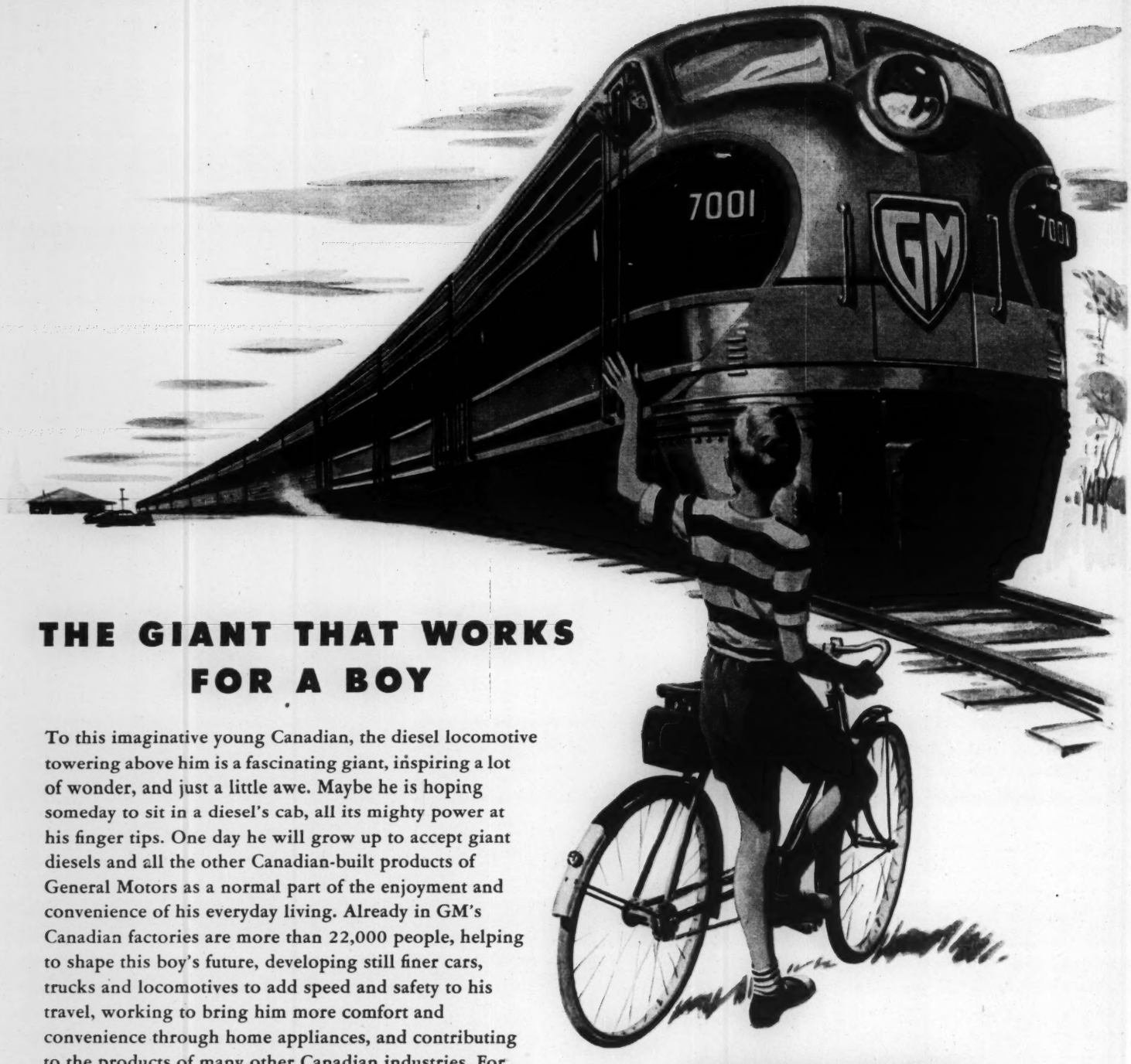
The only remarkable thing about the life of Joe Dudziec was the way it ended. Had it gone on, it is doubtful if he would ever have done anything to make his name known far beyond his own circle of friends and acquaintances; the chances are that he would always have been one of the little people, whose hands tend the machines that feed our civilization and whose lives are shaped from the cradle to the grave by the actions and ideas of others. And a year from now he will be forgotten by everyone except his parents and a few others, who will never forget how Joe Dudziec was an athletic 20-year-old one day, and nine days later was unnamed clay in a mental hospital's cemetery.

Something happened in Joe Dudziec's mind while he was watching a baseball game in Toronto a few weeks ago. In a frenzy, he began tearing off his clothes. The police took him to jail, because in our enlightened way we still think there is something criminal about a mental disturbance. Next day he was in court; five days later he was committed to the Ontario Mental Hospital at Whitby, where he died within 24 hours. The weather was hot, and the



Abresch, N.Y.

ANNA RUSSELL: A Gift for Sharing Fun *(Page 4)*



THE GIANT THAT WORKS FOR A BOY

To this imaginative young Canadian, the diesel locomotive towering above him is a fascinating giant, inspiring a lot of wonder, and just a little awe. Maybe he is hoping someday to sit in a diesel's cab, all its mighty power at his finger tips. One day he will grow up to accept giant diesels and all the other Canadian-built products of General Motors as a normal part of the enjoyment and convenience of his everyday living. Already in GM's Canadian factories are more than 22,000 people, helping to shape this boy's future, developing still finer cars, trucks and locomotives to add speed and safety to his travel, working to bring him more comfort and convenience through home appliances, and contributing to the products of many other Canadian industries. For all the wide-eyed boys across Canada, whether they grow up to drive diesels or ride the cars behind, the future holds an abundance of promise—promise that GM is helping in large measure to fulfill.

GENERAL MOTORS

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PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

hospital authorities, who did not even know his name, hastened to bury him.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sebastan Dudziec, were present when the case came to court. After the hearing, bewildered by the dignified processes of the law, they went home and waited. But they heard nothing more about their son, and finally started to make inquiries. They found out, just as the last bits of earth were being tossed on his grave.

There had been no neglect, the authorities said; the young man died of virulent pneumonia, and that was that. "Our responsibility ended when the boy was remanded for a mental examination," the police said. Besides, the parents had been told about their son's trouble a few hours after his seizure. Except for the trifling failure in passing intelligible identification along to the hospital, the system had worked perfectly. Mr. and Mrs. Dudziec, we gathered, should have been very pleased that the matter was handled with such competence and dispatch.

Fortunately, there were people to ask the questions which the bewildered parents found difficult to phrase—members of the Ontario Legislature's committee who have been looking into the province's penal and reform system, and officials of the United Packinghouse Workers who took a personal interest in the case.

The big question for all of us, however, concerns the manner in which Joe Dudziec was handled after he had his seizure. He was not taken to a hospital, but to a jail. Is this the way we should handle people who are sick —so sick that they cannot tell anything about themselves, that death follows within a few days? Is it criminal for a human being to suffer a brainstorm? It is not enough to answer "Of course not," and let it go at that. We must insist that the unfortunate ones like Joe Dudziec be treated with decency — not tossed into a cell, charged like any common offender, pushed and pulled by an impersonal and unfeeling system, but taken quickly to a place where their sickness can be diagnosed and treated in proper surroundings. If our consciences do not prick us enough in this matter, let us always consider that it might have been our son or brother or father in Joe Dudziec's place.

A New Consul

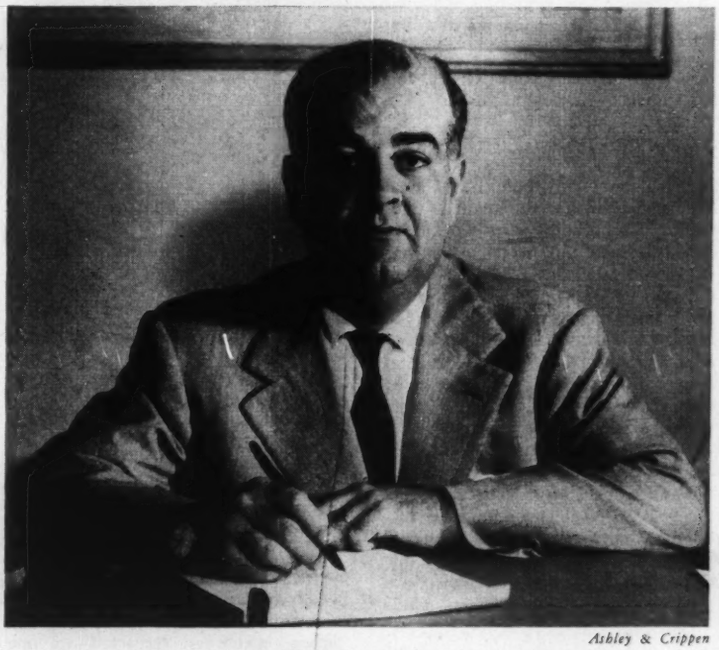
WHEN WE learnt that the Republic of Brazil had sent a new Consul to Toronto, we dropped around to pay our respects and in no time at all we were sitting across from Rinaldo de Carvalho e Silva, the Republic's representative, enjoying a cup of expertly brewed Brazilian coffee.

"My name?" he asked. "My secretary calls me Mr. Silva, but in Rio I am known as Consul Rinaldo. That is a legacy from my father, known simply as Ambassador Lafayette." His father, whose full name is Lafayette de Carvalho e Silva, now is Director of the Institute Rio Banco, a sort of college for young diplomats and named after Rio Banco, a revered Brazilian foreign minister whose skill in settling touchy questions of frontier limits earned him praise throughout South America a few decades ago.

Consul Rinaldo, now 38 years of age, has made a career of the diplomatic service. Born and educated in Rio de Janeiro, his first diplomatic job was as an attaché in Paraguay in 1937. From there he moved to New York as vice-consul in 1940. "Then in 1945, after a year in Rio," he said, "I went to Copenhagen as secretary of our legation, and it was there I met and married the most beautiful woman in the world. From Copenhagen we went to Rome, then back to Rio again, and now here."

"I like this great bustling city of world fame, but it can get hot, no?" Yes, we said fervently, the memory of early September's torpid heat still vivid enough to wilt a shirt. "The temperature in Rio will go up the way it did here, high into the 90's, but we do have a cool breeze from the sea and our nights are temperate."

"Our countries always have been and always will remain the best of friends," he said as he re-filled our cup. "It is my job, of course, to try to strengthen that friendship." A good brew of coffee, we assured him, could be a great aid to international understanding. He nodded vigorous agreement. And as we left he was gazing, rather wistfully we thought, at a Brazilian brochure which told the story of that country's chief export, the coffee bean, from plant to percolator.



Ashley & Crippen

CONSUL RINALDO: "A legacy from my father."

Miss Hayworth's Beliefs

"ALL THE MONEY in the world can't buy my child's right to be raised as an American," Rita Hayworth, the film actress, declared with touching patriotism as she rejected the offer of $1 million made by Aly Khan, one of her former husbands, who wished to provide for the education of the daughter she had by him. As she stoutly affirmed her Americanism, Miss Hayworth was preparing for her fourth marriage, which leads us to believe that her patriotic fervor springs from a highly individualistic interpretation of the Declaration of Independence.

The Fat in Milk

WE LEARN from the *Ottawa Journal* that Section B.08.051 of the Food and Drug Regulations has been revoked and a new section put in its place. The new B.08.051 reads:

"Milk fat (butterfat) is the fat of cow's milk and shall have (a) a specific gravity of not less than 0.905 at a temperature of 40 degrees C., (b) a tocopherol content of not more than 50 micrograms per gram as determined by the method employed by the Food and Drug laboratories, (c) a Reichert-Meissl number of not less than 24, and (d) a Polenske number of not more than 3.5, and where the Polenske number exceeds 10 per cent of the Reichert-Meissl number there shall be deemed to have been an addition to the milk fat of fat other than that of cow's milk."

It would probably be high treason, after such careful work by the scientists and the people who write new sections for the Food and Drug Regulations, to suggest that this was a lot of huffing and puffing about a matter of minor importance. From what the dietitians tell us, milk is probably the best single item of food available, but its nutritive value does not depend on the butterfat it contains—in other words, it doesn't matter a hoot what the specific gravity of the fat is, as long as the milk itself is fit for human consumption.

Weaving and Words

A WHILE AGO we came across the word poult-de-soie, and found that it was the name given a certain kind of silken fabric. The derivation puzzled us; it was something "of silk", but what could *poult* be? It could not possibly be a corruption of *pou* or *poule*. A silken louse, a lousy silk, a cloth like chicken skin — this was not the language of *haute couture*. We solved the mystery by getting in touch with Eleanor Lambert, of the International Silk Association. The original French word was *paduasoy* or *paduasoie*, Padua being the place where the fabric was first woven, Miss Lambert told us. While the fingers of the weavers were nimble and accurate, their tongues were nimble and careless, and the word was gradually woven into the language in its present form.

Uneasy Nationality

CANADIANS who have applied for passports are still getting polite little notes of warning along with the requested documents from the Department of External Affairs. The warning is addressed to "(a) Canadian Citizens by naturalization, (b) Canadian Citizens by birth in Canada of parents of alien origin," and says, "You may be considered by a foreign State to be a national of that State, although by Canadian law you are a citizen of Canada. You should bear in mind, therefore, that when you are within the boundaries of that State it may not be possible for Canada to give you effective diplomatic or consular protection." That's fair enough, although it makes the people who compile the dictionaries and encyclopaedias look pretty old-fashioned with their talk about a passport being a "warranty of protection." The trouble is that the Department does not go far enough. It should list the States in which a Canadian might find himself quickly transformed into something else.

The Ubiquitous American

WE HAVE received a sharp rebuke from a reader who objects to the adjective "American" being used to describe people living in the United States. There are two Americas, he points out, and while citizens of the USA are Americans, so are the citizens of all the other coutries in the Americas, North and South.

It is an old complaint. Some years ago a South American diplomat commented bitterly that appropriation of "American" by the United States was not only bad grammar but international discourtesy. And long before that the purists were hacking away at the common though incorrect use of the word. The complaints and the appeals have been wasted effort, mainly because the people of the United States have had "American" thrust upon them as much as they have taken it

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for themselves. In Europe, for example, America does not mean Canada or Mexico or Chile or any combination of countries in this hemisphere, but only the USA.

The difficulty is, of course, that there is no other acceptable identification of the people of the United States. "Yankee" will not do, any more than "Canuck" as an official alternative to "Canadian." The word "Usonian" was suggested by Frederick Philip Grove and others, but it never came to life. If the purists hope to get anywhere, they will have to find a substitute for "American" strong enough to become a part of the world's speech.

Perilous Occupation

THE INTERNATIONAL Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL) quoted statistics the other day to prove that the job of a garbage man is more dangerous than that of a policeman or a fireman. Injuries per million man hours in U.S. police departments in 1949 were 27.5, in fire departments 32.1, and in sanitation departments 63.2, the Brotherhood said. Unfortunately, no explanation was given (in the account we saw, at least) of the greater perils that beset the garbagemen, and we were left wondering if the hazards are occupational or the result of the garbagemen's more highly developed sense of adventure.

Sharing the Fun

ANNA RUSSELL was not treated kindly by the critics when she opened her Little Show in New York earlier this month, but the people who had packed Manhattan's Town Hall for six of her performances there liked the bravura style of the comedienne from Cooksville, Ont., as much as ever, if one can go by their reaction during the first week's run. The critics kept comparing her with Beatrice Lillie, as futile an effort as trying to compare a rapier and a Tommy-gun. The New York commentators were looking for the light touch, the subtle twitch of an eyebrow; instead they got (in the words of Gilbert Millstein of *The New York Times*) "a splendid blonde monolith from Canada with a face as flexible as a collapsible camp chair, a frame as awesome as half of the Two Grenadiers, and a style not unlike, but considerably more informed than, that of the late Florence Foster Jenkins . . . A China Clipper with every inch of canvas crowded on."

That word "informed", perhaps, is the key to what the New Yorkers missed in the performances of Anna Russell. She is a satirist who knows what she is about because she has a profound knowledge of music. She grew up with music—her father, Col. Claude Russell-Brown, who was an instructor at the Royal Military College in Kingston when Anna was born in 1913, saw to that; and she studied with Ralph Vaughan Williams at the Royal College of Music in London, where the family lived after the Colonel finished his term in Canada. She sang folk-songs for the BBC and did opera with touring companies. (A mental picture of Anna singing "Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow" into a BBC microphone just won't come into focus.) But she had a rarer talent—a gift for seeing fun and being able to share it with others. And in a world of weary pretensions, it is a gift to be treasured. The sharing really started when she convulsed an English audience by tripping over a tiny tenor during a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. She and her mother (her father had died) moved to Canada shortly before the Second World War and there began a period of radio shows and personal appearances (during which Sir Ernest MacMillan got her to write a comic aria) which culminated with her first Town Hall concert in 1948.

After reading the remarks of the critics who attended the opening of her Little Show, she pondered what changes might be made. A stage revue was a new thing for her, she said; it did not get her as close to the audience as in a concert, and "I react to audiences." Well, whatever happens to the Little Show, no barrier is going to stay very long between Anna Russell and her audience—it wouldn't dare.

The CBC Figures

THE RECENTLY published annual report of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation does not make cheerful reading. The television service's operating loss, $2,563,118 in the year ended March 31, was offset by an operating surplus of $2,939,478 in radio broadcasting, the report showed — but the CBC did not earn that surplus. Its earned revenue in radio was $2,513,714, and its expenditure was $11,389,133, which means it would have been in a pretty mess without the $5,725,000 it got from the now abandoned radio licence fee and the $6,250,000 it gets from the Government each year as a statutory grant. What it all adds up to is that Canadians are paying a stiff price for the privilege of not watching CBC-TV.

The Swedish Way

WHEN THE SECOND international Conference on Alcohol and Road Traffic was held at the University of Toronto a couple of weeks ago, we met Prof. Leonard Goldberg, of Stockholm, Sweden, who was appointed executive secretary of the Conference when it met in Sweden three years ago.

"In Sweden we think we are well ahead of most countries in the handling of drivers who drink," Prof. Goldberg said. "If a driver is suspected of being drunk, the police can stop him and take him to a doctor for a blood test. Is that not wise? The blood sample is sent to the government laboratory, where it is tested, and if it contains a certain percentage of alcohol the driver is sent to jail for a month, almost without question."

A Swedish parliamentary committee which studied the problem has recommended stiffer legislation against drinking drivers and these will probably be translated into law by the middle of next year, we learnt. The proposals are: blood tests will remain the only legal evidence; any driver having an alcoholic concentration in his blood of .05 per cent will be punished; whether involved in an accident or not, drivers are now given fines or jail terms of up to six months if the alcohol ratio in their blood is between .08 and .15 per cent, and a jail sentence of up to one year if it is above that level — the new law would raise the maximum sentence to two years in prison and to six years if the driver contributed in any way to another person's death; driving licences would be suspended for periods up to eight years or, in extreme case, for life; the law will apply to all operators of vehicles — to bicyclists, airplane pilots, locomotive engineers, ships' captains and handlers of motorboats as well as car drivers.

"That figure .05 is equivalent to just

DR. LEONARD GOLDBERG

two ounces of liquor," Prof. Goldberg said. "The new law would not be too harsh. Nobody can be stopped unless a policeman feels there is sufficient justification. There would not be too much fuss, would there?"

Sweden tries to curb the drinking of spirits, he said. "Nobody may drink legally before the age of 23, and then a permit must be obtained to buy liquor, which is restricted to one bottle per month. There are no restrictions on beer and wine, so one bottle is enough even for the man who gives many parties, is it not? However, this law, too, may be changed next year, and the rationing ended. Possibly ten per cent of our people are alcoholics — roughly the same percentage as the teetotallers— and if rationing is abolished, we estimate there will be almost $2 million a year more available in revenue. It will go a long way towards their rehabilitation, will it not?"

Prof. Goldberg, who at 42 years of age is a moderate drinker himself, has been studying the effects of alcohol in drivers for many years, and in addition to his work in Sweden he is a member of several international bodies, including the World Health Organization and the British Society for the Study of Drug Addiction.

He looked out at the cars swishing past on the street below. "In this traffic," he mused, "one would have to be very sober indeed."

Unfortunate Asides

THERE ARE many people in Canada, Britain and Europe whose sneering at the United States has become a habit of mind; we do not know why they should dislike the USA so much, even if they are consumed with envy, but we must admit that they are constantly being given targets for their sniping by public figures in the United States who have an uncanny faculty for blurting out tactless answers to apparently innocent questions. The best exponent of this sort of thing has turned out to be State Secretary Dulles, whose prepared statements are generally sober and well-reasoned but whose impromptu utterances are as explosive as old dynamite.

Mr. Dulles demonstrated this awkward ability on two occasions in quick succession earlier this month. Just before the German election, he said bluntly that a defeat for Chancellor Konrad Adenauer "would be disastrous" for both Germany and the cause of German unity—a shocking intrusion into the domestic affairs of a friendly state. If Premier Malenkov of Russia had not directed so much bluster against Adenauer earlier, the Dulles statement might well have irritated the Germans enough to make them vote against the Chancellor. Then a reporter asked him about the policy of the U.S. in the dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste. Five years ago the U.S. had given formal approval to a proposal to return Trieste to Italy. Now, said Mr. Dulles, this might be changed and other means of settling the dispute explored. The enemies of the USA in Italy seized gleefully on this hint of a change in policy, and more U.S. prestige was lost in Italy with no compensating gain anywhere else. Later Mr. Dulles hastened to assure the Italians that the U.S. would not go back on its 1948 declaration, but the seed of doubt had already taken root and the damage was done.

If he sticks to his prepared statements, Mr. Dulles may be the U.S. Secretary of State for quite a while yet, but if he indulges in many more asides his replacement seems inevitable.

Personal

WILLSON WOODSIDE, who writes about Foreign Affairs for SATURDAY NIGHT, is not in his accustomed place in this week's issue, having gone to Europe for a close look at what has been — and still is — happening there. When he left, he planned to visit Germany first, then go on to Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy and France; he was undecided about Spain. His first-hand reports of what he finds in those countries will begin in next week's issue.

We do not lack for comment on Foreign Affairs this week, however. Aneurin Bevan, the stormiest of the British Labor party's leaders, discusses Russian policy and international reaction to it in a persuasive article on Page 7. While we do not agree with Mr. Bevan's political beliefs or with much of what he has to say in his article, we believe his opinion deserves attention by Canadians.

Letters

Corporal Punishment

MY ATTENTION has been drawn to the very eloquent and reasoned expression of opinion concerning the need of the average child "to be disciplined firmly and judiciously . . . both at home and at school," made by your correspondent Mrs. D. S. Agnes Stewart of Winnipeg under the heading "Disobedient Children."

During the last eight years I have been conducting a campaign of international scope aimed at the encouragement of parental responsibility, but have discovered that ignorance regarding the true legal position is the prime factor responsible for the parental neglect of disciplinary responsibility.

May I say, that I believe you will be rendering your tremendous circle of readers (both in Canada, and in English speaking communities throughout the world) a real service in pointing out that the "reasonable and moderate chastisement" of recalcitrant children and adolescents "with a suitable implement" *cannot* involve parents or teachers in conflict with the authorities.

Courts all over the world are always unready to interfere with the legal right of the parent (or teacher who is *in loco parentis* to the child) to administer necessary corporal correction. Because early years are in fact "the apprenticeship period for life itself," such chastisement is a necessity.

The words of a Scots Moderator who was addressing a group of student-teachers are perhaps worthy of consideration. "If you have to punish," he said, "use the taws (a leather punishment strap) rather than the tongue . . . The tongue inflicts too deep and lasting a wound."

London, Eng. ERIC A. WILDMAN
The National Society for the Retention of Corporal Punishment

Moral Re-Armament

I WOULD like to express my appreciation of your front page editorial (September 5th issue), with its reference to moral re-armament. MRA, I sincerely believe, is making an earnest effort to bring a new spirit of understanding and goodwill in the field of industrial relationships.

I wonder if Mr. Bengough has had any first hand knowledge of the MRA program. I doubt it.

Toronto E. CROSSLEY HUNTER

YOUR DISCUSSION of MRA was rather naïve . . . Moral Re-Armament is nothing more than a pleasant form of escapism for the upper classes —those people who feel a little guilty about being so much better off than their fellows but not guilty enough to go to church to expiate their sins.

What MRA does, in effect, is to throw all responsibility on God for the failures of man. The leisure classes have the time to think about existing economic evils. They do this, and have a vague sense of guilt, but they will not admit to themselves that the evils are of their own making—the blame is God's, and it is to God they turn for correction of the evils in a way which will not disturb their own comfortable living. Thus they are able to justify their meddling in labor relations by uttering pious platitudes about the Four Absolutes, Love, Honesty, Purity and Unselfishness . . .

It would have been better if you had spent less time on what Mr. Bengough had to say (and he spotted the MRA weakness long ago) and more on the unsavory connection of the Oxford Group with Fascism before World War II.

Winnipeg DEREK HILDEBRAND

Faults of Language

THE LETTER signed by Mrs. Phyllis L. Fox in SATURDAY NIGHT for August 22nd should not pass without comment.

There is, unfortunately, a good deal of truth in what she says about the inability of Canadian school teachers to set an example of good spoken English. The weakness is perpetuated from generation to generation of teachers who seem unaware that ability in self-expression is more important than any subject on the curriculum.

However, Mrs. Fox would rob us of our greatest stimulus to good language when she suggests we are not fit for Shakespeare or other forms of culture so long as we commit certain faults of language. By "low standard of education" in Canadian Schools, she probably means "standard of oral language"; at least, she adduces no evidence in other fields.

I gather from her criticism of "I don't feel good" and the Canadian pronunciation of "been" that Mrs. Fox is a newcomer to Canada. She should learn that "I don't feel good" is correct, contrary to commonly erroneous usage in the Old Country. If she does not understand the use of modifiers with "feel", I shall be glad, on request, to write her a lesson in English grammar.

The teacher was quite right to correct her son's pronunciation of "been". Mrs. Fox must learn that "bin" is in generally accepted usage in the English-speaking world and is the preferred usage in Canada.

Prince Rupert, BC. WILL HANKINSON

Confused Thinking

. . . MR. C. B. REYNOLDS' letter (SATURDAY NIGHT, Aug. 29) portrays confused thinking. For instance he states: "The Church thus caused illicit unions." Has Mr. Reynolds ever heard of free will? Would he contend that the laws of property "cause" people to steal?

Mr. Reynolds criticises my reference to two forms of marriage—Christian marriage and civil marriage —and instances what he terms a third form of marriage, namely common law marriage. I consider common law marriage a form of civil marriage, in that it is embraced by the civil laws relating to marriage. I believe that my statement that there are two forms of marriage — Christian marriage and civil marriage — is broadly true so far as Western civilization is concerned.

Montreal A. IAN FLEMING

Keats's Nightingale

THE LETTER FROM LONDON in your issue for Aug. 27 connects Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* with a pub near Hampstead Heath.

Charles Armitage Brown, with whom Keats stayed in 1819, gave this account of the poem's genesis:

"In the spring a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass plot under a plum tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry I found these scraps, four or five in number; the writing was not well legible and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas. With his assistance I succeeded and this was his *Ode to a Nightingale*."

Penetanguishene, Ont. W. R. WILLIAMS

Food for Germany

I CAN AGREE in no way with Mr. Peter MacGillivray's comment on the free food parcels to Germany, published in September 5 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. In matters of foreign policy it is a generally accepted fact that behind certain ostensibly humanitarian actions there lie diplomatic considerations which are often not apparent even to the most objective and well-informed observers.

It would appear, however, that Mr. MacGillivray, through an inability or a refusal to examine either the altruistic or the diplomatic implications of this action, has adopted the reasoning of a spoiled, egocentric child. His vitriolic and totally unjustified denunciation of the German people *en masse*, represents an emotional, myopic and narrow-minded way of thinking which is becoming increasingly prevalent.

If Mr. MacGillivray's asinine attitude is typical of that of the average Canadian, I question our right to hold Canada up as a citadel of tolerance, education, and Christianity.

Guelph, Ont. D. G. H. BOWMAN

Kelly No Irishman?

IN A RECENT ARTICLE on Mr. Melville Joseph Kelly (Aug. 22), John Wilcock calls "Kelly" an Irish name.

"Kelly" has also been a Devonshire name for a good many centuries.

Domesday Book (1086 Exeter) refers to it as "Chenleia"; "The Red Book of the Exchequer" shows it as "Chelli" in 1166; in the Devon Assize Rolls (1219) it appears as "Kelli." The name is of Cornish Celtic origin —"Celli," meaning a wood or grove, common in Cornish place names such as Pengelly, Killigrew, etc.

There have been Kellys of Kelly in Devon since 1150: some of these may have gone to Ireland like the Norman Fitzgeralds, De Courcys and Bourkes (Burkes), the Anglo Saxon Lynches, and the Welsh Walshs. One of the Kelly family, Arthur Kelly of Kelly, Devon, married (circ. 1780) Juliana Drewe, of the Devon Drewes.

The Drew(e)s descend from Dru de Baladon, a follower of William the Conqueror, and came from Dreux, Normandy, France; which gives Mr. Drew as good a French ancestry, on the male side, as Mr. St. Laurent. The latter's grandfather, Steven Broderick, came to Canada from Ireland; the present head of the Broderick (or Brodrick) family is the Earl of Midleton — George St. John Brodrick. His ancestor Alan Brodrick, Lord Midleton, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland (1660-1728); his branch of the Brod(e)ricks came to Ireland about 1660 and were previously in Surrey, England for many generations. The name was originally Baldrici (Domesday Book) and the family originated at Bawdrip, a manor near Bridgewater, Somerset: another authority gives the Brodericks a Welsh ancestry — ap Rhydderch (i.e., son of Roderick).

The O'Keefes: Danish "Kieffer" or Anglo Saxon "Ceafor" (meaning a beetle).

Grattan: there are four "Grattans" in Devon, England (meaning a great hill or farm).

O'Leary (son of Leary): presumably from the estuary of the river Plym (Devon), named "Laira," from the Welsh "Llaeru"—to grow shallow: there are six "Leary" place names in Devon.

Ottawa J. ROWE

Old Time Fiddling

I WAS greatly interested . . . in the splendid article on "Old Time Fiddling Contest" by Allen Sangster. As he says, it is very hard to define "Old Time Fiddling", but in my opinion it is much more difficult to describe "Old Time Fiddlers". One never hears of old time pianists, cellists, trumpeters, etc., so why old time fiddlers?

Personally I do not dislike the term, but some of the highbrows look upon it with disdain, if not actual contempt. I am myself a teacher of the violin, but do a considerable amount of old time dance work, and take a great deal of pleasure from it. Although many of the square dances are pretty strenuous and exacting, I find them a real relaxation from my teaching work . . .

Many of these players have had little or no real musical education—yet the rhythm, beauty of tone and emotional expression displayed in their playing is really amazing and a great pleasure to listen to. Each performer expresses his own individuality . . .

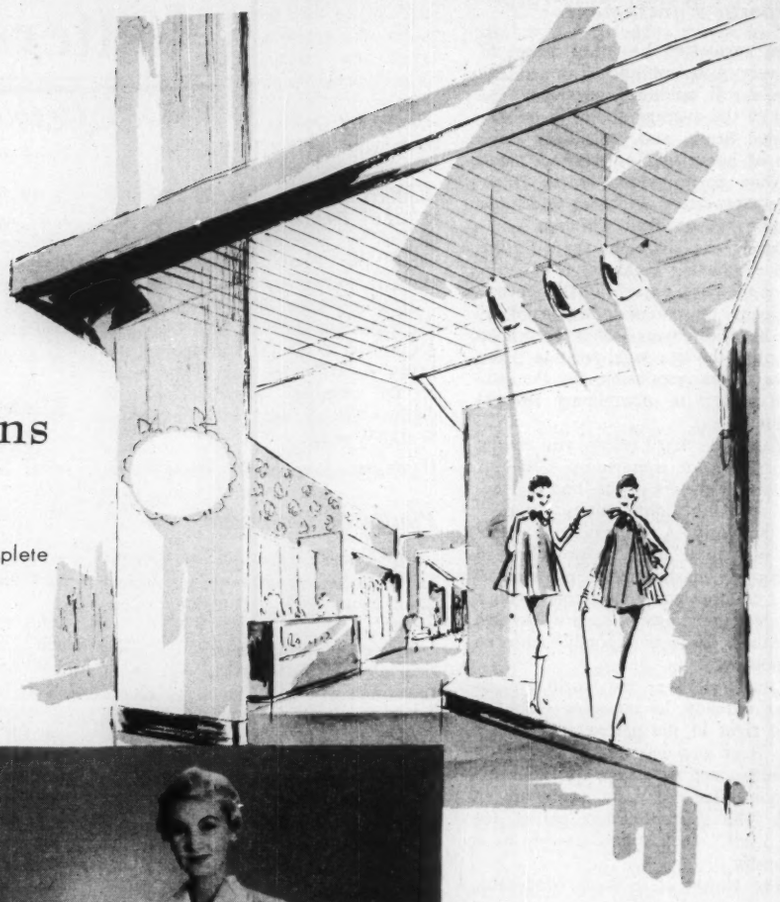
Winnipeg H. ERNEST DAVEY

Simpson's opens

a new shop devoted to

Lovely Maternity Fashions

Here, in the pleasant privacy of a shop designed for easy, unhurried selection, you may choose your complete wardrobe . . . from dainty lingerie to fashion-wise street and evening wear, to trim new casuals.



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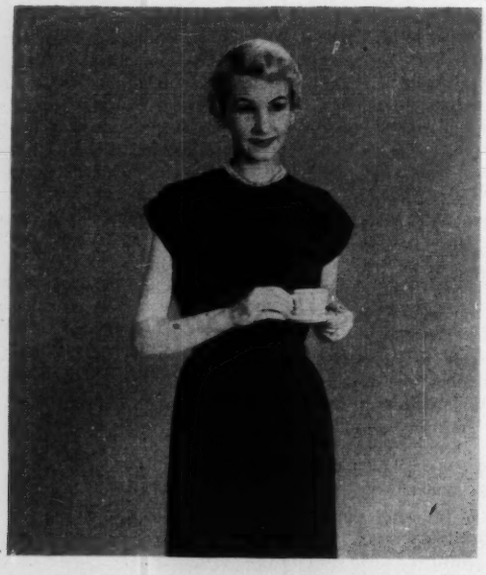

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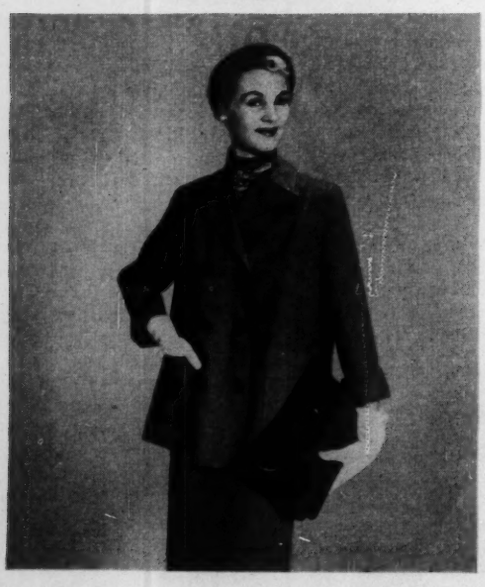

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Soviet Leaders Seek A New Policy

By ANEURIN BEVAN

IN THE PAST WEEKS have been full of political turbulence and crises. French Morocco and Persia contributed two sudden and violent changes of government. France suffered from a wave of strikes, which brought many public services to a standstill, involved thousands of holiday makers in varying degrees of squalid inconvenience and added yet another chapter to the postwar story of France's prolonged political malaise. The United States astonished the world by seeking to exclude India from the Korean Conference. Malenkov weighed in with his declaration that Russia possessed the hydrogen bomb and Britain countered by the announcement that she had perfected guided rockets capable of a speed of two thousand miles per hour.

There were other incidents, but these were the highlights in a world situation which boiled and bubbled so ominously that pessimists might have been forgiven if they had seen nothing but disaster ahead.

But on closer examination there were features present which sustain a more hopeful interpretation. For example, there was the conciliatory speech of Malenkov and the Russian announcement of substantial concessions to Eastern Germany. The concessions covered four main points. First, the cancellation of all reparation payments from Eastern Germany from January 1, 1954; secondly, the return to Eastern Germany of a number of industrial concerns which were taken over by Russia after the war; thirdly, limitation of Soviet occupation costs to no more than five per cent of the national income of the East German State budget, and finally, the cancellation of all such foreign debts as may have arisen in connection with reparation payments. The importance of these easements to the 19 million Germans who live in Eastern Germany is very considerable. The industrial establishments referred to represent as much as 30 per cent of total East German production. They comprise steel mills, chemical works and engineering plants. The debt now cancelled amounts to $2,537 million at 1938 prices.

It can be argued of course that all these concessions by the Soviet Union were motivated by a desire to influence the election campaign in Western Germany. This may have been true. It can be taken for granted that Russia would not have forgotten this aspect of the matter. But the most important feature of the new policy is that it represents a decisive change in the attitude of Russia to the condition of the people in her satellites. She is no longer indifferent to their sufferings. Since the war they have been looked upon as areas to be milked in the interests of Russia herself, described bitterly by Yugoslavia as "Soviet colonization". It does not mean that Russia has ceased to bind them to her as part of her dominant sphere of interest. But it does mean that she has come to realize that the carrot is at least as effective to this end as the big stick. It must be registered as a distinct advance that Russia has come to realize that she cannot rely upon the loyalty of the people in the western satellites unless she provides them with tolerable living conditions.

To many, this conclusion may seem so obvious that the wonder is that Russia had not seen it earlier. However, there is a deep significance in the fact that Russia is realizing it at last. For a long time past, and especially since the end of the war, Russia has been so bent on building up her heavy industries that she has kept down the development of her consumption industries to a level that she has at last admitted to be intolerable. This was the main burden of Malenkov's speech. The double task of heavy industrialization and building a great war machine has produced conditions, both in Russia and in the countries controlled by her, which are now recognized as a source of political danger in themselves. The recent demonstrations by the workers in Eastern Germany touched off this admission and brought the Soviet leaders to a radical shift of policy. The result is a reduction in the military budget, important tax reliefs to the peasants, promises of more and better quality goods in the shops and a consequent slowing down of heavy capital development.

Rumania has followed Hungary in a frank admission of past mistakes in this respect. Mr. Gheorghiu-Dej, the Prime Minister, stated in Bucharest recently that he intended to "liquidate decisively all these misjudgments of policy and to improve the living standards of peasants and workers and to end the neglect of agriculture and light industries and to achieve greater production of consumer goods." To improve the distribution of food, private traders have been brought in to sell vegetables, eggs, poultry, fats, confectionery and handicrafts in conjunction with state organizations.

IN THE MINDS of those who see the world in terms of black and white, all this adds up to conclusive evidence that there is a crisis in Soviet economic affairs. And so there is. But the important issue is not only the crisis itself but how it is being faced. If the Soviet leaders thought they were threatened with imminent war, or if they were bent on it, they would not be adopting a policy which, whatever its long term results, must have the immediate consequence of reducing their war potential. In their assessment of the world situation, they feel they are safe in following such a course. If the rest of us interpret their attitude in the same way, then we are entitled to take a more optimistic view of the immediate future.

Nevertheless, it would be unwise to assume that the Soviet leaders have clearly thought out their new policy or made up their minds as to the best means of carrying it out. On the contrary, there is ample evidence of confusion and uncertainty on their part. Stalinism created in Russia a more rigid bureaucracy than the world has ever seen. That bureaucracy is in no danger of violent overthrow from below. The conditions for that are entirely lacking. The dangers to the internal policies of Soviet communism are more subtle, pervasive and stubborn. They arise from the remoteness of a highly centralized State apparatus which does not know—even if it wanted—how to give to individuals and to local agencies more freedom of movement and power of democratic decision.

In the meantime, therefore, we can expect vacillation and indecision whilst Soviet thinking fumbles its way to a solution. Thus there will occur considerable "tacking". There is an example of this already in Hungary. When the Hungarian leaders announced that the peasants were free to leave the agricultural collectives, the peasants took them at their word on such a scale that the Government became alarmed and Rakosi — who was thought to have fallen from grace—made a big speech which seemed to indicate second thoughts and a reversion to the old policy of repression. Rakosi protested that the new reformist policy had been misunderstood, that work norms were being disregarded and "discipline thrown overboard, so that everyone could do as he liked". "This," he said, "would not do. There must be a return to punishment of plan failures, indiscipline, absenteeism and the like." These injunctions to the workers were followed up by equally stern warnings to the peasants. Efforts being made by them to leave the collectives must be stopped, at least until after the harvest. Nor could the distribution of kulak land to the loyal peasants be carried out now. The "general attack on the collective system must be stopped."

Unfortunately for Rakosi, all this still left the basic problem unsolved, which consisted in the failure of bureaucratic methods to increase food production and to promote enthusiasm for the regime among the broad masses. We must therefore expect a period of prolonged strain and re-adjustment in the satellites and in Russia itself. In the course of it, many now prominent figures will vanish from the stage and their places will be taken by names unknown outside Russia and in many instances strange also to Soviet citizens themselves.

For the rest of the world, this situation carries a message of encouragement and that is why I continue to call attention to it. It must not be forgotten that this year 1953 was spoken of by the military leaders of the West, as far back as 1950-51, as the "year of peril" for the peace of the world. It was supposed to be the year when Russian military might would be at its most powerful and dangerous and so the West had to be prepared. It led to a vast rearmament which is now recognized as one of the chief causes for the continuation of the economic crisis in Western Europe. The military advisers saw only Russian guns, planes

Star Newspaper Service

RIOTING IN EAST GERMANY "brought the Soviet leaders to a radical shift of policy... There is a crisis in Soviet affairs."

and tanks. But those who had made it their duty to study the internal conditions in the Soviet Union were convinced that serious defects were showing themselves in the Soviet Administration and that these would give pause to whatever military ambitions Russia might be cherishing.

With the consciousness of this in his mind Malenkov's references to foreign affairs were couched in unusually mild and even benevolent language. He knows that he cannot seek distraction from domestic difficulties in foreign adventures for these difficulties would be aggravated by war. They are intrinsic in present Soviet methods of government and they can only be removed by patient effort over a long period.

It is in their failure to appreciate properly the significance of social and economic factors that the military advisers of the United States have been most at fault. By the negative policy of the "containment of Communism" they have fallen into a succession of errors. For example, they have spent huge sums of money in building long-range bomber bases in French Morocco oblivious of the fact that a resurgent nationalism frustrated by French imperialism might render the bases unusable. The deposition by France of the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, has resulted in sharp, if private, remonstrances by the United States, which fears dangerous repercussions throughout North Africa and especially in Tunisia. The containment of Communism by the methods of imperialism does not pay dividends, as the British have discovered in Egypt and Persia. A friendly local population is the first of all military assets, if we are bound to speak in military terms.

So the conclusion we reach is one of guarded optimism. Whilst all the portents are not set for "fair", some of the chief ones are consoling. The cauldron bubbles but does not look like boiling over. Time is still left in which we can damp down the fires under it.

•

The Hammock

Between the lake of air and the lake
of water
The hammock rides at rest like Zeno's
arrow,
Still sailing yesterday, today, to-
morrow,
With pines for masts and shrouds,
contentment's freighter.

The birds escort its aromatic motion,
Dipping to kiss their doubles in the
sleek
Window where upper lake greets
lower lake,
Like passing notes that seek a
resolution,

And the clouds repeat their slow or
sudden news
In the lake of water and in the lake
of air
While the hammock rests and rides
between the pair
Till the sun drowns in them both and
the lakes fuse

And the evergreen stars pinned in the
fretted shrouds
Merge with the stars of the heavenly
goldenrods.

ROBERT FINCH

•

Sung In Autumn

And of these vernal moods I freely
give you
The understanding changeless like a
jewel,
Before the dew on their quiescent
petals
Surrenders to the sun.

And should you wander through the
ageless archives,
And if you chance to read the book of
love,
I will attend, and turn the burning
pages,
A candle in my hand.

Nor do I ask for flagons or for apples,
Or for the deathless seal upon the
arm;
Not time nor jealousy shall cause
corrosion
Of my brief tinsel hour.

But when you taste the salt of crescent
oceans
And drink a thunderhead of reinless
fear,
I will, ascending, draw the lighthouse
beacon,
Demaculate the lamp.

OLGA SKEY

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The Passing Show

The Persistent Practical Joker

EVER since the village idiot cried "Wolf!"—and long before, no doubt—hoaxers have been a bane. This they remain. The "Wolf!" moron met proper punishment; too many others escape.

When I was an uncouth cub reporter in a puritan town, I had to cover a solemn conclave of prohibitionists. It was expected to be the customary corpseless funeral in need of enlivenment. Two of us would supply what was needed, we speculated, by dumping three quarts of gin seized from the police (who had seized it from bootleggers) into a pale punch. Our speculation was correct: rum's foes grew gay.

Such jesting rates above fire-plug pulling, but not much. At a similar divertissement, the gag was reversed. Feting the great Bobby Jones at a Georgia golf club, jugs of ripe corn likker, authentically illegal, were dumped down a sink by a steward when two prohibition agents appeared. First impulse of the quivering guests was to lynch the steward; second, to hoist the agents, who were guests in disguise.

History makers have been practical jokers. Napoleon roared when an upstart marshal found his wax baton melted; Hitler assigned a delightful blonde to entertain Mussolini in Berlin and nearly died thinking how Il Duce responded when the dame discarded falsies and wig.

Canada's perennial Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, chuckled at his house guests' amazement when they entered bathrooms, to be confronted by legal notices. Franklin Roosevelt evidently had vast secret delight in promising support to one aspirant to his throne and then assuring another of precisely the same, *sub rosa*. This oafishness cost him buckets of tears from a dozen gents formally gloom-garbed at his obsequies.

Hoaxes have been celebrated, but never by the fooled. An Alsatian cobbler touched off a guffaw heard 'round the world by posing as Herr Kommandant of a local garrison—in the boss's absence—and running the goose-steppers ragged until he was discovered and imprisoned. Into an assembly of scientists who had listened to Nobel prize winners at a Chicago banquet strode a distinguished bearded figure, his boiled shirt red-sashed, his lapels gleaming with badges. He was introduced as Professor Sven Drglka of Vinsberg, Sweden. Between pulls at a flask he harangued the audience on the molecular atavism of the cragophlite brynx—and collected a bet.

One of Gene Fowler's best routines, while editing in New York, was to hang on a horrible beard, buzz for a comely steno, gabber gibberish, then bawl her into convulsions for failure to follow his oratory. Stripping off the beard while the maiden wept outside, he'd buzz for her again and appear suave, clean-faced, sympathetic, and scornful of the bearded blighter. Sometimes it worked.

There was a stately social mob wassailing at the old Waldorf when two aproned louts arrived, and herded guests all over the joint as they rolled up the vast Persian rug big enough for a grid game and passed it through a wall-high window. Pleasurable games, these, for the perpetrators, and usually amusing to the victimized—afterwards.

Practical jokes known to the police as con rackets are not so funny, and often ghoulish — as in the case of the Florida mortician who sold elaborate caskets. At dusk, after the last mourner had departed, the casket would be tripped by a trick lever, dumping the body, which was then quickly covered. The casket was resold.

The practical joker is never practical when joked on. He may grin and bear it, like the rest of us who adhere to the ethic of being a good loser. But there is always a sourness left in the mind.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

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The Duties of Ministers and Generals

IT IS highly commendable that Prime Minister St. Laurent, whose horizon was mainly restricted to his own province when he entered politics in 1941, should complete his admirable transformation into a statesman of international outlook by undertaking, at the age of 71, a global aerial tour which will give him first hand acquaintance of the other Dominions and their leading personalities and reinforce his ability to co-operate with them in the solution of common problems. Meanwhile, he has set his Cabinet to work in preparing for the opening session of the new Parliament.

The vacant seat in the Cabinet has not yet been filled, but it must go to a French-Canadian. Nobody has stronger claims to it than Jean Lesage, the 41-year old lawyer, first elected in 1945, who is rated as the ablest of the younger French-Canadian Liberals. As parliamentary assistant to Mr. Abbott, he enhanced his growing reputation as a skilful parliamentarian last session by his handling of the committee stage of the Budget.

The elevation of Mr. Pickersgill to the Cabinet, however, made it plain that hard work as a parliamentary assistant was not a sure passport to ministerial rank. The refusal of G. J. McIlwraith to continue as assistant to Mr. Howe can be interpreted as a subtle protest against the favoritism shown to Mr. Pickersgill. Apparently the well known desire of Finance Minister Abbott to migrate to a less onerous Ministry is to be suppressed for the time being, as the Prime Minister feels it essential that he should retain his present office until the decennial revision of the Bank Act, which will be the most important business of the coming session, is accomplished.

GEN. GUY SIMONDS, Chief of the general staff is, on his record, a very able soldier, but outside the sphere in which he gained distinction he has revealed himself for the second time (the first was in connection with the Currie report) as a rather naive individual who has an imperfect conception of the scope of his duties. Naturally, he was "not amused," when Ross Munro, William Boss and Lionel Shapiro reported in succession that a low state of morale existed in the 27th Canadian Brigade now stationed in Germany. All three are experienced war correspondents, who have a high standing in their profession, and they gave chapter and verse for their charges and conclusions. But General Simonds felt it necessary to secure antidotes for the grave disquietude which had been aroused by the revelations of these correspondents.

It is almost unthinkable that Field Marshal Lord Montgomery and General Sir John Harding, Chief of the British General Staff, during their recent visit to Canada volunteered of their own accord to give clean bills of moral health to the 27th Brigade and thereby challenge the veracity of competent Canadian journalists. But, not content with these rebuttals by high military authorities, General Simonds went into action himself, and demanded that the offending correspondents should explain why, instead of attacking men under his command, they had not submitted their complaints and charges to himself.

He obviously does not understand that the primary responsibility of all journalists is to the newspapers and the public which they serve, and that he has not an iota of right to discipline them for their writings as long as military security is not impaired.

General Simonds seems also to be ignorant of the immense services which war correspondents have performed in the past in turning the searchlight of publicity upon military mismanagement and in procuring remedies for it.

During the Crimean War it was the dispatches of William Howard Russell to the *London Times,* which enlightened British public opinion about the calamitous plight of the British forces in the Crimea so successfully that the inefficient Ministry of Lord Aberdeen was driven out of office, Florence Nightingale was allowed to start her famous mission and the army

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was saved from disaster. Mr. Russell did not think it necessary to submit his dispatches to Lord Raglan, the commander of the British army and he earned the gratitude of the army and the whole British nation.

In the First World War it was the fearless exposure by another eminent correspondent, Col. Repington, of the acute shortage of shells hampering the operations of the British army in France which forced Lord Asquith to reorganize his Cabinet and give the energetic Lloyd George a free hand to stimulate the production of munitions. Our war correspondents did not, as General Simonds suggested, attack the men of the 27th Brigade; rather their criticism was directed against the authorities who sent a brigade overseas without being assured that the quality of its personnel would do credit to Canada. So the Canadian War Correspondents' Association was perfectly justified in describing General Simonds's ill-advised attempt to discipline their members as "a serious threat to the public interest." The shoemaker should stick to his last and General Simonds should refrain from interfering with one of the buttresses of democracy, the freedom of the press to act as watchdogs of the public interest and for this purpose to criticize the highest authorities in the land.

KEEN THE HIGH bravura air of Mr. Howe and his habitual jauntiness of spirit are in refreshing contrast to the owl-like solemnity of some of his colleagues.

Our second largest wheat crop on record being safely garnered, export demand for wheat remains negligible at a time when it is usually at its peak. Now there is from coast to coast a blockade of grain which is forcing most western farmers to store their grain in bins on their farms or keep it piled on the ground. At the same time, the President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Stanley Jones, has delivered a serious warning that Canada may price herself out of the world market for wheat if the Wheat Board continues to keep the price of Canadian wheat in conformity with the artificial level which the Americans are maintaining for the sake of their expensive program of price support.

Mr. Howe is not donning any white sheet of repentance for his part in setting terms for Canada's wheat last February, which gave the British a good excuse for refusing to subscribe to the new international wheat agreement. But he now admits that he does not see any immediate daylight ahead about the disposal of our enormous surplus of wheat, and his claim that Canada is faring as well as the other wheat-exporting countries is very cold comfort for the anxious prairie grain growers.

Meanwhile, Mr. Howe has left this trouble behind him to head Canada's delegation at Geneva for the eighth meeting of the signatories of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs. It is assumed that he carries instruction from the Cabinet to fight strenuously against the designs of the governments of Australia and India, who, being under severe pressure for more protection for certain domestic industries, want liberation from certain shackles imposed by the GATT. Apparently our Government does not intend to offer or ask for any fresh tariff concessions at Geneva; it only wants to keep inviolate the present tariff arrangements of the GATT in the hope that within a year or two the Eisenhower Administration might be able to persuade the Congress of the United States to acquiesce in the liberalization of American tariff policy advocated in the recent report of Lewis Douglas.

Mr. Howe will also have to state Canada's policy about the thorny question of allowing Japan to subscribe to the GATT. Since the Second World War ended, Canada has built up such a profitable export trade with Japan that in the first five months of 1953 our exports to that country had risen to a value of roughly $28 million, against imports from Japan valued at $4.6 million. The Japanese do not like such a huge adverse trade balance; their admission to the GATT would give them better trade privileges in Canada and a chance of reducing it. Business interests in British Columbia, who benefit by the export trade to Japan, are naturally favorable to the Japanese claim for admission, but certain Eastern manufacturers, who have been clamoring for protection against what they regard as a damaging inflow of cheap Japanese goods, are bitterly opposed to it. The Government's decision on the conflicting interests will be disclosed by Mr. Howe.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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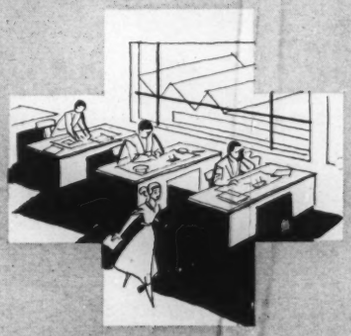

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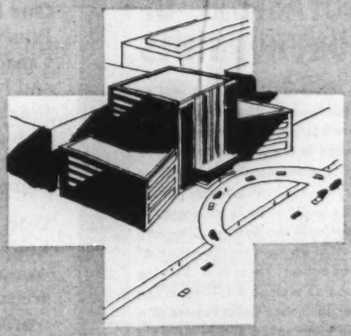

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Letter from London

The Story of One Evening

MODERN LONDON has no "season" in the accepted sense of the word. Gone for ever are the old days when fashionable folk dared not show their faces in the streets after August 12 (the 12th, of course, being the day when grouse shooting begins in Scotland). And it is a far, far cry to the sort of snobbery which was immortalized by du Maurier, in his picture of the ladies of a noble but impoverished family, sitting behind drawn blinds in Grosvenor Square, applying artificial sunburn to their pretty faces. In the new London at this time of year you are just as likely to meet "everybody"—if you like meeting "everybody" — as in the golden days of June.

This also applies to first nights. Early September used to be a time of theatrical doldrums; now it is as brilliant as any other period. So let's go to a first night together; and let's do the thing in style, with the impresario as our host, the stage-box as our vantage point, and the stars as our companions at supper afterwards.

The first night we shall choose is the opening of Roland Petit's season of the Ballet de Paris, which is now breaking records at the Stoll Theatre. And our host, the aforesaid impresario, is young Peter Daubeny. I'd like you to meet him in close-up, because he has been described as the Charles Cochran of the future. You will hear a lot more of him.

Peter is still in his twenties; often he looks in his teens. He is a fighter. During the war, as a gallant young officer in the Coldstream Guards, he lost his left arm; after the war, with very little money but a vast amount of enthusiasm, he nearly lost his shirt, as an independent producer fighting the big monopolies. It is sitting firmly on his back, these days.

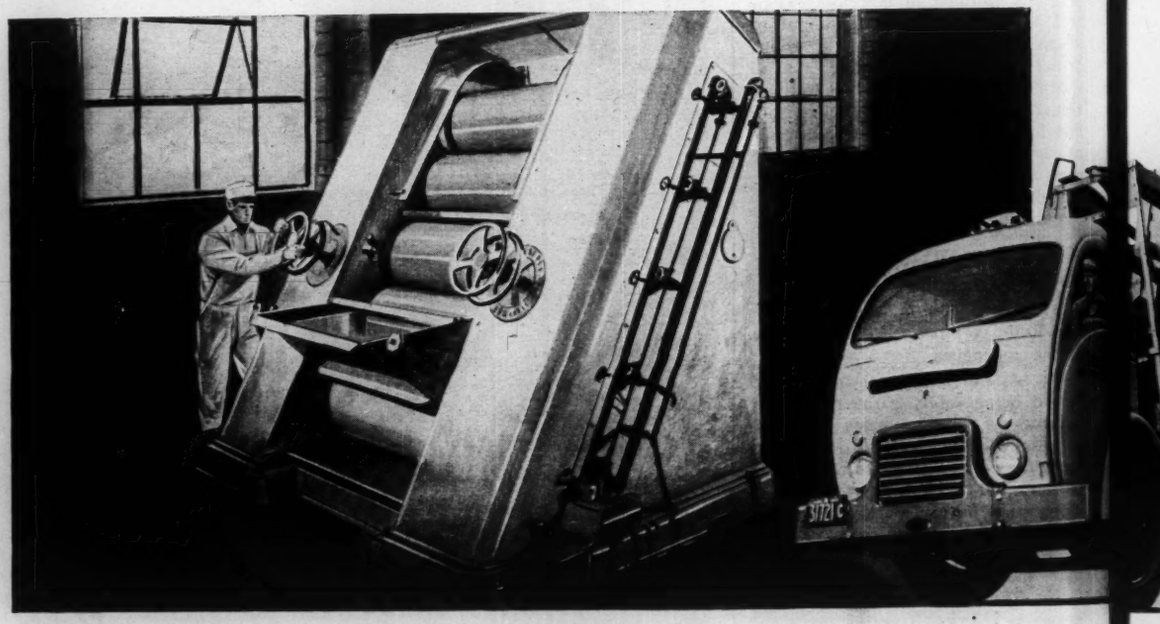
So here we are with him, in his elegant little band-box of a house in South Street, Mayfair, waiting to go to the first night. Try to "get" the scene: a tiny house in a quiet street, with plane trees outside the window, only a hundred yards from Berkeley Square, where the nightingales come from; modern pictures on the walls, champagne in a bucket of ice; Molly, his lovely wife, in a Dior dress, trying not to look nervous, and talking—"to keep Peter's mind off it"—about their young son Nicholas, who is asleep upstairs. (I was one of Nicholas's godfathers. The others were Cochran, Ivor Novello, and the Marquess of Carisbrooke, who is a grandson of Queen Victoria. So he ought to grow up to be quite a lad.)

Peter strides up and down, in a dinner jacket, looking at his watch, paying not the least attention to Molly. "We ought to be there at a quarter to; Petit's a genius but he wants cosseting. Molly, darling, do try to get over your hatred for that man on the Daily ———. He's terribly important. By the way, did I tell you Margot Fonteyn adored it? What? I'm not in the least nervous. I only hope nothing goes wrong with the light cues in the second ballet; there was a hoodoo on them at the dress rehearsal. Perhaps we'd better make it twenty to instead of a quarter to . . ."

Off we go. Here is the vast pile of the Stoll, and the swarming crowds, and the flash of light bulbs, as the celebrities push their way through, with their fixed smiles. And here we are in the box. Next door to us is designer Oliver Messel—though it is an insult to call him a "designer", as he is a very great painter. (More about that next month.) And dramatist Terence Rattigan, talking about his new play. And that immortal figure of London, Dorothy Ward, who must be at least—never mind. All that matters is that she was for a very long time the greatest "principal boy" of pantomime that London has ever known, and that now she is still beautiful, still slim, still unwrinkled.

You see how a first night gets you? The immense auditorium is packed

THIS IS CANADIAN PITTSBURGH I



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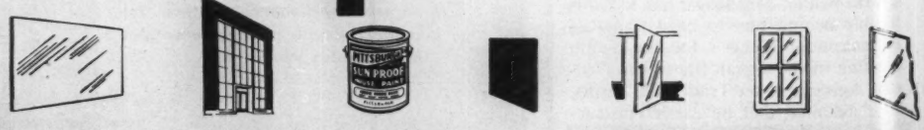

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CANADIAN PITTSBURGH I

and expectant. The air is blue with cigarette smoke, and the photographers with their flash bulbs have overflowed into the stalls. Now and then a burst of applause comes from the gallery as some star of the stage or the screen makes her entrance.

Then, suddenly, the lights grow dim, there is a rattle of kettle drums, and we rise as one man to sing the Marseillaise. Another rattle of drums, and we sing God Save the Queen. As I stand there, I find myself thinking how vividly the personality of our two nations is summed up in those two pieces of music—the fire and the gaiety of the one, the sobriety and the strength of the other. I think, too, how near we, in London, are to France, and yet how incredibly far. I could have supper in Paris tonight, if I chose, after the performance, but I should be supping in a different world.

I won't describe the ballet itself, beyond saying that it is as bright as a firework . . . explosive, up-in-the-air, brilliantly colored. All I'm trying to do is to give you the feeling of actually being *here*, in London, at this moment, with an English cigarette between your lips, and big, heavy English pennies in your pockets, and outside the theatre, the low, eternal growl of London as the great buses circle round Trafalgar Square, where the pigeons are sleeping on the roof of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Let's go straight to the interval. Most of us give up any attempt to get to the bar, which has only one barmaid, in a state of near hysteria. So we wander up and down, in the cool of Kingsway. We see Margot Fonteyn, flitting up the steps like a little black moth. She is enchanted, she says, with the performance of Colette Marchand. It is nice to hear one *prima ballerina* praising another. And Sir Malcolm Sargent is equally enchanted by the music of Dutilleux. In fact, he radiates delight all around him. Radiation is, I think, the dominant quality of Sir Malcolm; you feel the electricity coming out of him as he stands there. Queen Victoria once said that Gladstone always addressed her as if she were a public meeting; Sir Malcolm addresses you as if you were a first violin.

The performance ends with rapturous applause. The stage fills with flowers for Colette Marchand. Once again my mind wanders, as it always does when flowers come on the scene. I remember that only a stone's throw away is Covent Garden, the most romantic market in Europe, and that soon the midnight lorries will be trundling along, laden with everything from tiger-lilies to tomatoes, from Lincolnshire lettuces to Cornish sweet-corn.

We are driven on to supper by Peter Ustinov, who is, one imagines, the only modern dramatist who might one day climb onto the pinnacle vacated by Bernard Shaw. At least, that seems to be the world's verdict after the triumph of his play *The Love of Four Colonels*. You would like Peter: thirtyish, clean-shaven, bulky, with a mordant wit, and a disarming habit of switching, in the middle of a sentence, from a perfect classical diction to the coarsest Cockney. Everything about Peter is fiercely individual—even his car, which is immense and opulent. He bought it, not because of its immensity and its opulence, but because he was indignant at the way in which the people who make it had been treated by the great ones of the motor industry.

He inveighs against monopolies as he sweeps us in his millionaire's chariot through the brilliant glitter of Leicester Square. London, I think, is really waking up. Piccadilly Circus is as bright as daylight, a blaze of green and scarlet and orange and gold. Regent Street is a mystical avenue with columns that seem to float, in a green haze, to the stars. We sweep through Grosvenor Square, with the Roosevelt Statue looming against the Georgian facade of the houses. Here we are at Hamilton Place.

Supper awaits us . . . and the Comte and Comtesse de Grouy-Chanel, who are our host and hostess. There is lobster and champagne and the stars arriving, and the glitter of Louis Seize chandeliers, and more stars, and Peter Daubeny (I hope you haven't forgotten we owe all this to him) running up and saying, "There was £900 in the house tonight, and the bookings are going to be enormous, and I feel a hundred, and Molly, darling, do go and be nice to that man on the Evening ———."

Well, that's my letter for the month. Nothing about the Royal Family. Nothing about Churchill, nor the inner history of the Labor conference. Just the story of one evening—a little slice of London life.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

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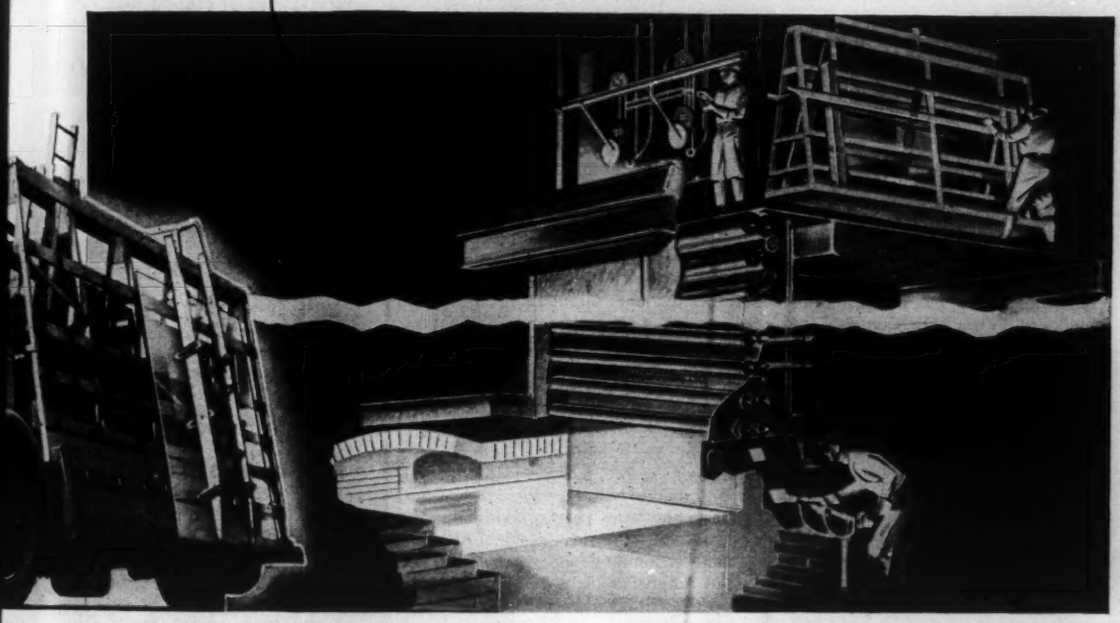

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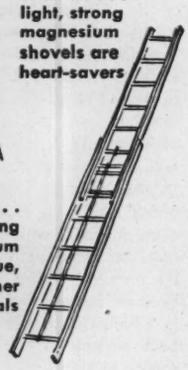

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Lighter Side

The Baby Contest

THE PEDIATRICIANS have just entered their annual protest against the holding of baby shows at fall fairs and exhibitions. According to one of their leading spokesmen, this protest has been registered regularly for the past forty years, and nothing has been done about it.

Nothing can be done about it. If you were to conduct a poll of special groups on the advisability of baby contests, you would find opinion lined up like this: on the anti-baby-contest side there would be pediatricians, reporters, and babies. On the pro-baby-contest side would be newspaper editors, mothers, exhibition promoters and the general public. Thus the protest groups are hopelessly overmatched right from the start.

Pediatricians, when they have a heart, are a vocal group. So are babies, particularly when placed on a weighing-scale, in a hot tent, and surrounded by ecstatic strangers. Reporters, however, are muted by the rules of their profession. "Go out and get a good story on the Baby Contest," they are told; and this means a story from the point of view of the spectators' gallery. So far as I know, no reporter has ever ventured to present the Baby Contest from the point of view of the baby. Reporters simply follow the convention of giving the public what it is presumed to want, often with strikingly unanimous results. On one occasion, three city newspaper reports out of four turned up with the same Baby-Contest lead: "Babies! Babies!! Babies!!!"

City editors are partial to Baby Shows, chiefly because they provide endearing picture layouts. Our city editor, a family man, was always particularly alert and genial on Baby Contest morning. "Well, Fred, have you entered your baby in the contest?" he once inquired of the staff photographer who was moodily descending the elevator, his Graflex slung over his shoulder. Fred smiled a shark's smile, and answered politely, "No, Mr. Blank, have you?"

This was as far as any of us would go in protest against Baby Contest day. But none of us, not even the most confirmed pram-peeker, ever accepted the assignment with enthusiasm. The sun always came out hotly on Baby Show day, and the big circus tent in which the contest was held was blurred with talcum, odorous with bottled or ejected formula and loud with the protests of contestants.

The mothers were usually there before us. The nurses arrived a little later for the weighing-in. The judges turned up about noon. They were jolly medical men, apparently selected on the basis of imperturbability under strain. But even their professional poise was sometimes shaken by the Baby Contest. They would go swiftly down the line, eliminating the spotty babies, the wheezy babies, the overweight babies, and the babies that should obviously have been at home in their cribs inhaling Friar's Balsam from an open kettle.

"This baby has whooping cough," one of the judges once said sternly, pausing before a small strangulated contestant. "Nothing but a little summer cold," the mother said complacently. But the next moment the entrant accommodated with a stirring and unmistakable whoop, and was swiftly eliminated from the contest and the tent.

So it would go on all through the long hot strident day. Mothers who were refreshing their little ones with hot dogs and French mustard would be reproved and enlightened. Mothers of over-weight infants would glare and mutter at the starvelings, all bone, muscle and energy, who were approaching the finishing-line. And Fred the photographer would go about wearily levelling his camera and trying to cajole each winner in turn to fall into the popular attitude ("Hello Ma, I won!") so dear to city editors and cutline writers.

At the end of one such day I found myself without a fist of the contest winners. I had run out of copy paper and had written the records on a

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sheet of Kleenex which naturally disintegrated in the heat of the contest. Out of the day's work nothing now remained but a few indecipherable scrawls on shreds of disposable tissue. Only those who have covered baby contests will appreciate the difficulties of this predicament. I knew that unless I got every name, with weights and ages, the Voice of Rachel would sound through the City Room all the next day. So I sat down to the telephone and began to call up colleagues on other papers. The conversation ran something like this:

"What was the name of the sweepstakes winner? You know, the cute little tyke in the bicycle cap?" . . . "Whadya mean 'cute little tyke'? The name is Bernard Jory, B as in bast—" . . . "I know, I've got it. Bernard Jory." (But actually he was a charming baby, who looked as though he had been baked in the summer sun by a careful mother to the color and texture of a beautiful biscuit.)

I went through the list, item by item and it took most of the night. When I had all the babies, age-groups and mothers finally straightened out I wrote the story:

"Babies! Babies!! Babies!!! Pink babies, brown babies, fat chuckling babies, energetic lively babies, and not a cry-baby in the lot, etc., etc."

This is the way Baby Contests have always been reported and probably always will be. It is one of the reasons why reporters, along with editors, promoters, and the general public are the despair of pediatricians. In the end they have only the babies on their side.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

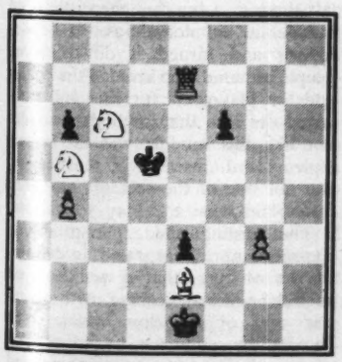
•

Chess Problem

RETURNING OUR ATTENTION again to the Bonus Socius collection of chess problems, we find that Dr. H. W. Murray of Cambridge University, author of the monumental *History of Chess*, interprets the Socius of the pseudonym to mean "Teacher," the claim being that this was the technical use of the word in some Lombard universities.

Problem No. 32, by J. Balik.

Black—Four Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White to play, mate in three.

We are still in the dark as to the years when Bonus Socius lived. Investigators have estimated that 1266 was the date of the Florentine MS, because the Saracen blindfold player Buzzecca made a triumphal visit to Florence at that time. In the frontispiece they see him as the Moor who is contesting a game with a white man. But others consider the architectural design of this frontispiece to belong to a later date in the 13th century, and this is confirmed by the general handwriting of the MS.

The Civis Bononiae was evidently a later compilation. Weenink tells us that the compiler was a citizen of Bologna, whose intention to reveal his identity in an acrostic has failed. So far nobody has proved skilful enough to decipher it. His work of compilation is inferior to that in the Florentine MS., and he lays great stress on the value of the problems for betting purposes. Here we reach the definite characteristics of the Christian composers and compilers of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Solution of Problem No. 31.

Key move 1.Kt-Q1, threatening 2.Kt-Kt2 mate. If Kt-B3; 2.Q-B5 mate. If Kt-Q2; 2.QxB mate. If Kt-B2; 2.B-Q5 mate. If Kt-Kt5; 2.P-K5 mate. If Kt-B6; 2.Kt-K3 mate. If Kt-Q6; 2.PxP mate.

This problem was composed in 1922. The variation Kt-Kt5 is a striking one.

Our diagrammed problem is a splendid three-move mutate.

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Books

The Cult of Confusion

IN A RECENT ARTICLE in the London *Observer*, Sir Harold Nicolson, reviewing a book about old reviewers, discussed some of the slashers and "knockers" of the past, especially the Scottish critics in Edinburgh who so belabored Keats and the English romantic poets. He ended thus:

"Yet the modern reviewer, when faced with a book such as Philip Toynbee's *The Garden to the Sea*, which he knows to be important but cannot either like or understand, hedges amicably, uttering non-committal words. Is it because we are more just today, more considerate, less arrogant? Or is it, as I have suggested, that we lack conviction? How agreeable it would be for everyone, except publishers and authors, if we possessed more guts!"

Certainly reviewing is much more gentle and less haughty than it used to be; the gloves are on, the knuckle-dusters laid aside. Good manners mingled with mercy are all very well. But one thing struck me as sadly significant in Sir Harold's remarks. He wrote of the modern reviewer who cannot understand a book yet knows it to be important.

How can he know a book to be important if it is unintelligible? If it were only a mystery to ignorant clods, the fault would doubtless lie with the reader, but in this case the reader is taken to be a professional reviewer, trained to interpret and appreciate. If he is completely confused by a book and has not a clue to its meaning, surely the author of it is to blame? If he cannot convey his meaning to a reasonably equipped reader, then he is incompetent. And incompetence cannot be important.

At least that is how I, in my simple way, see it. I am naturally glad to have on my side no less a writer than Somerset Maugham, himself a master of lucidity and loathing obscurity in others. In his fascinating survey of his life and his lifework called *The Summing Up*, he has stated, "I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections."

He then distinguished between the two kinds of confused expression. One, he explained, was due to negligence and the other to wilfulness. Both offences seem to me unpardonable. If a man sets out to be an artist in any medium, his reason for doing so is that he has perceived, felt, or thought something so intensely that he believes it his business, even his duty, to communicate the fact to his fellows, describing, as vividly as may be, his impressions and recording, as intelligibly as may be, his opinions. If through negligence he fails to do that, he is to be censured. If through wilfulness, that is through wishing to seem mysteriously perceptive or profound, he only creates confusion in the mind of the public, his fault is even more flagrant.

To me it seems that wilful obscurity is the prevailing vice of the time and critics should have "the guts", to use Sir Harold Nicolson's words, to denounce it instead of saying timidly that they have no inkling of the writer's or artist's purpose but believe his work to be "important" all the same. The vogue for cloudiness, distortion and chaos prevails in all the arts today and it is time for this wilful obscurity to be challenged and denounced. If that be intolerance, then there is a case for intolerance. Some people seem to think that a critic should try to like everything at once and feel guilty if he does not succeed. This is a ridiculous point of view. A tolerant man can detest another's beliefs, writing, and composition in any of the arts and should declare his detestation, backing it with examples and arguments; but he will defend to the uttermost his opponent's right to perform as he chooses. Tolerance is opposed to censorship; but it fights for common sense, being contemptuous of nonsense.

IN MY RECENT experience in Great Britain I have seen the result of a Play Competition which had the most august judges. There were nearly a thousand entries and the First Prize was given to a piece which, when produced, was a complete flop. The critics said that they were utterly confused by its obscurity and had no idea what the dramatist was trying to say or do. The critic of *The Times*, certainly not obtuse and not usually vehement in praise or blame, called it "indescribably bad". The judges may have found it "important" because it left them in a fog, but the critics and the public did not choose to be befogged and turned it down. Some people of name then scolded the critics and the play-goers for this and conveyed the idea that anybody who did not like this muddle was an impercipient and insensitive reactionary. But not one of the scolders managed to explain what the play was about.

The distinguished play-producer, Tyrone Guthrie, has stated, in defence of the obscure, that a work of art should be like an iceberg, with ninety per cent of it below water. Why should the audience be treated as divers who have to go plunging and groping to find out the significance of what is concealed? Icebergs are odd things to set up as exemplary: they wreck ships and they wreck art.

There has everywhere been much

discussion about the obscurity of modern verse. The poems that I see printed in the intellectual journals are perhaps less tortuous and enigmatic than they used to be. But the example set by T. S. Eliot in "The Waste Land" has been disastrous. His habit was to publish notes referring the overwhelmed reader of his outpourings to books of reference. After one cryptic passage he actually recommended his public to consult Deussen's *Sechzig Upanishads des Veda*, p. 489. How many, I wonder, have that volume on their shelves? What a piece of pedantry to mention it. Can one imagine any really great poet carrying on like this?

The same thing has been going on in atonal music (puzzle, find the melody) and in abstract graphic art (puzzle, find the pattern). I do not say, "Puzzle, find the meaning," because these artists despise representation or meaning of any kind. One practical comment on this kind of art occurred in the case of a picture called "Autumn Landscape" which was actually purchased for the common benefit with £500 of public money. When shown in Manchester it was reproduced upside down in the Exhibition Catalogue and the printer never noticed the fact. Nor, I fancy, did many of the public. The artist was presumably symbolizing the autumn landscape, but his symbols were so chaotic that there was no discoverable land. No doubt some lofty adjectives were applied to this work by the Left Wing Savants; often I fancy that the description "Impudent" would be more relevant than the common epithet "Important".

One defence of obscurity in poetry and painting is to attack the public for being lazy. "They ought to make an effort," it is said. But surely the onus is on the artist to reach the public, not on the public to go groping laboriously after the artist? If he has indeed something to tell or show them, which he believes to be valuable for them, his task is to spread his message and display his talents to the best public advantage. That does not mean that he must write in words of one syllable for the Infant Class; he must visualize the average educated person who wants to enjoy poetry or painting and would not bother to buy the book or go to the gallery unless he did. Why should that sort of person be snubbed with charges of stupidity and laziness if he, being met with verbal fog or a hotchpotch of shapes, confesses to being muddled and bored?

Philip Toynbee, whose new book Sir Harold Nicolson described as unintelligible but important, has advanced the argument that the artist cannot broadcast to people who have no receiving sets. This means that we are to arm ourselves with special new faculties in order to get the writer's "wave", just as Mr. Guthrie ordered us to get diving-suits and air-pumps in order to go under the water and inspect the submarine mysteries of iceberg-art. Let those obey who choose. The great writers of all countries and ages have not considered themselves as broadcasters with a special air-wave of their own. I can read my Shakespeare and my Dickens and, coming up to date, my Somerset Maugham without help of scientific apparatus. Bernard Shaw may have written much with which few agree; he wrote nothing that nobody could understand. No iceberg nonsense for him. But then he, like Dickens, began as a journalist and so had the best possible training in clear and forcible expression.

What causes the trouble? The new writer naturally seeks new methods—and so he should. But that does not prove that fantastic methods are sensible ones and that darkness is another form of light. Novelty must be conditioned by "know-how" and I am convinced that much of this confused writing is produced by confused thinking. On that point Somerset Maugham is emphatic. These writers, he asserts, think not before they write, but as they write and do so in the confidence that "fools can always be found to discover a hidden sense" in the resulting confusion.

Not fools only, I would add, but snobs. For there is pretentiousness of the reader as well as of the writer and some like to claim that they have rooted out a profound significance in a poem, a play, or a philosophy which leaves the rest of us baffled. There are always, therefore, some who relish obscurity because they can pretend to the rest of us that they are a lot cleverer than we are and that the writing in question has wonderful meaning if only we poor dolts had the wit to see it. They have the receiving set, they have the diving-suit, and it flatters their vanity to be considered ingenious discoverers.

Fortunately most people are not so pleased with themselves and remain displeased and even disgusted with the artist who is incapable of carrying out the artist's primary function, which is to share his experience or his invention with the world by establishing clear lines of communication.

IVOR BROWN

In Brief

THE STORY OF ENGLISH—by Mario Pei—pp. 352, with index, word-list and an excellent bibliography—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00

Unlike many books about the science of language, *The Story of English* is not dust-dry. It is a middlebrow book aimed directly at the general reader, with enough readability to make a direct hit.

The English language means many things to many men, and Dr. Pei explores many of these meanings. In digest form, he traces the growth of the language for almost two thousand years. He discusses the relation of the written language to the spoken; the present geography of English with its possibility of becoming a world-language; the special qualities which are the "genius" of the language and which distinguish it from other widely-spoken languages; its various uses as a "tool"; and the problem of reform where there is no final authority. He attempts to assess the value of new influences and the relative strength of the King's English matched with the American language. All these topics are rendered amusing by illustrative word-lists crammed with fascinating odds and ends of information.

Reservation must be made about the accuracy and taste of several illustrations given by Dr. Pei. The scientific approach to language cannot measure the difference between Thomas Elyot's fabrications from the Latin in the sixteenth century and those of Sir Thomas Browne in the seventeenth. Neither can it excuse praise, as "intellectual jewels," of Shakespearean quotations appropriate to the operations of the day on the financial page of a newspaper.

English is not the native tongue of some who know it best and praise it most. Grimm was German, Jesperson is a Dane, Hayakawa is Japanese, and the native language of the present author is Italian. Dr. Pei has a scholar's love for the King's English and a natural bias towards the American language.

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE—by Rumer Godden—pp. 294—*Macmillan*—$2.50.

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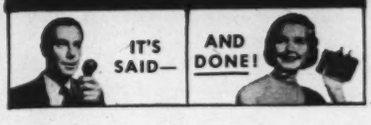

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Manley Hopkins. Miss Godden's kingfisher is an insouciant Englishwoman who chooses a peasant village in Kashmir as a nest for herself and her two children. As the kingfisher is transfigured when he flashes in the sun, an alchemy in Sophie's character turned everything ordinary in her life into the extraordinary. Living by English ideas and sentimentalities in a strange land which she loved but did not understand, brought realities and daydreams crashing about her head.

Miss Godden, who wrote out of a deeply-felt experience, has described Kashmir and the special Kashmiri blend of Hindu, Moslem and European relationship with just enough poetry to be pleasing, enough subtlety to be intriguing, and enough paradox to be convincing.

PEOPLE AND AMERICANS: A Memoir of Transatlantic Tourists—by Stanley Wade Baron—pp. 224—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

An article in a recent issue of *The New Statesman and Nation* records the nerve-twitches of an introspective tourist, presumably English, whose aesthetic feelings are tortured by the crass materialism of a Frenchwoman and the myopic dullness of a Canadian who happen to be his travelling companions on an excursion bus in the Pyrénées.

Mr. Baron is not that sort of traveller at all. He is, of course, a writer who does not forget that cuff-notes on the human spectacle may some day be useful to him, but he writes of his encounters with other Americans abroad with a pleasing balance of detachment, warmth and intelligence. He passes no judgment and bears no malice. Better still, he strikes no pose, not even that of self-effacement.

ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY: From the Beginnings to Marvell—edited by Frank Kermode—pp. 238, with introduction, notes, and bibliography—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS: A Critical Anthology—edited by Kenneth Muir—pp. 205, with introduction, notes, bibliography, and indices—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

These two volumes are pleasing both in form and content. Both collections assemble much poetry that the general reader could not find for himself without great difficulty. Because they each present a genre in sequence, they fulfil to a remarkable degree the editor's intention of evoking the spirit of the age in which the poetry was written.

The admirable introductory essays set the contemporary literary and critical scene for the general reader, and the brief notes and references indicate further reading for the student.

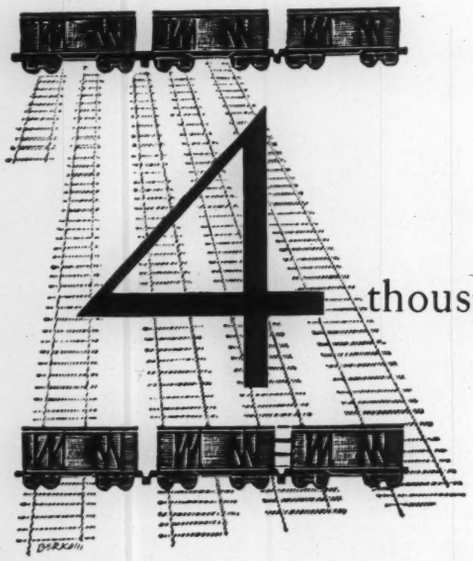
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS—by Albro Gaul—pp. 278, with bibliography, index, and many good photographs—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.50.

An interesting popular presentation of the entomological picture from the human interest point of view. Mr. Gaul refreshes the general reader's school memories of this subject in an invigorating way and brings him up to date. The arch style of the initial chapter disappears as the author becomes absorbed in his favorite subject and shares this absorption with his readers.

The pleasing appearance and easy style of this book recommend it also to younger readers.

HORN OF THE HUNTER—by Robert C. Ruark—pp. 315, with illustrations by the author, and photographs—*Doubleday*—$6.50.

This is Robert Ruark his book. Robert first heard the horn of the hunter when he shot his first sparrow with an air gun at the age of six. Since then he has heard it often. This book is the culmination of a boyhood dream about hunting in Africa and



Pulp and paper loads 4,000 miles of freight cars annually; one out of every ten loaded in Canada. It has a yearly transportation bill of $200 million. Further expenditures, including those for wages, taxes, goods, and services, total about $1 billion. Such vast payments accelerate all Canadian commerce, and increase the earnings of every Canadian.

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writing a book about it, "a book important only to the writer."

Other qualifications are necessary for going on safari, but the possession of ten thousand expendable dollars is a good start. The result is roughing it for the mink class, with Hemingway flourishes all over the veldt.

Robert Ruark's safari was equipped as well with civilized good humor, skill and courage, and a philosophy of hunting. His book about it is a rather noisy but thoroughly entertaining record of big-game hunting and the smart talk that went with it.

SUNDRY CREDITORS—by Nigel Balchin—pp. 256—*Collins*—$2.75.

Walter Lang's business associates and factory employees disliked, mistrusted, despised or tolerated him, according to their own natures. To them, Lang appeared to have formed an emotional alliance with a press-shop. But Lang's story brings into focus pictures that flash on and off the screen to tell also the story of his lonely daughter Rosamund, who has an affair with a boy in the press-shop; and of Lawrence Spellman, the cynical war-hero, now a cynical director of Lang's firm, whose instinct for destruction has not ended with the War. These stories also ray out in every direction giving momentary attention to people in the background and filling in the details about this artificial social organism in the English business world.

This is a clever novel, sharp with well-honed dialogue. The reader does not have to find anything, but there are satisfying depths under the cleverness.

MOROCCAN MOSAIC—by Ethel Mannin—pp. 215, with photographs, appendices, index, and endpaper map—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

The immediate background for the recent deposition of the Sultan of Morocco is the incidental subject of this book written in 1952 after the author's quick trip to Tangier and French and Spanish Morocco during the previous autumn.

Miss Mannin states the case for Moroccan independence in terms of a bitter indictment of French and Spanish colonial policy.

This is an excellent travel report which leaves the reader with a vivid mental picture of the mountains of the Rif and of such cities as Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakesh, Fez, Tangier. Less insistence on the author's personal prejudices would have allowed this reader to enjoy the book more.

A LADY AT BAY—by Edgar Maas, translated by Richard and Clara Winston—pp. 309—*Reginald Saunders*—$4.25.

In 1676 the Marquise de Brinvilliers was beheaded in Paris for the murder by poison of her father and her two brothers several years before.

Unfortunately for the marquise, a piece of circumstantial evidence obtruded itself by chance on the notice of the police just when a spate of poisonings had produced a state of alarm in the Court.

Unfortunately for the reader, the novelist could not decide whether to use the historical or the psychological approach to his story. Scenes of pure melodrama are mingled with passages of undigested history and Freudian psychology with digressions in the direction of demonology. The marquise's relentless pursuer is a lieutenant of police who resembles D'Artagnan at his best and M. Poirot at his worst, but who, in the end, proves to be Eros to the marquise's Psyche.

The author spoiled a good story here when he went off half-cocked in several directions at once.

M. A. H.

SOLDIERS AND SOLDIERING — by A. P. Wavell—pp. 174—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

The late Field-Marshal the Earl Wavell was a unique creation in this war-stained century—a philosopher-warrior, a man of letters whose special study was war. Perhaps the old soldier Socrates would have approved of him, and it was right to give him a traditional heroic funeral down the Thames.

These essays, many of them published separately earlier and some of them given as addresses, are gems. They are true essays: colloquial but polished, occasional yet profound, having an air of simplicity but depth of scholarly perspective and experience. And humor informs them. To Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1939, he said: "Comparatively few of you are perhaps likely to become generals; but many of you are likely to suffer, perhaps to triumph, under generals." This was his gentle lead into a practical and philosophic discussion of generalship.

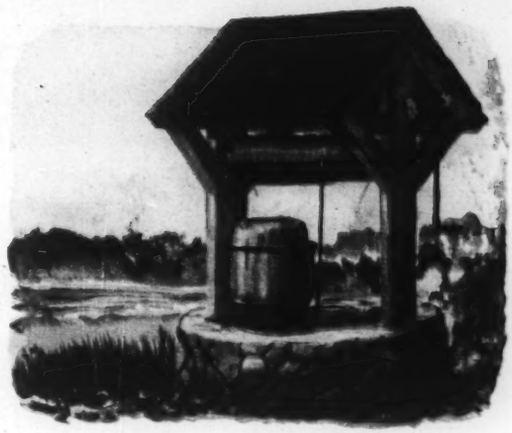
The great commander's lustre paled before Monty's triumphs in Africa, where Wavell had previously fought with inadequate arms, yet Montgomery is given a generous and objective estimate. So are the ancient Belisarius and his successor, the eunuch courtier and dwarf Narses. So are General Wingate and Rommel. Lord Wavell has wise things to say about the British and Canadians being the "solid pivot" in the Normandy campaign and its sequel in Holland — "eleven months of continuous fighting at high pressure".

My chief delight in this book is not in its topical references but in the cultivated judgment behind them. The most graceful little book in both content and style to have come out of the war from a military hand, it is art on the art of war.

THE COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY—by Stephen King-Hall — pp. 239 — *Longmans, Green* — $3.00.

The English distrust vehemence and conviction, but that is not the sole reason that Commander Stephen King-Hall is a prophet without great honor in his own country. His flaw is not lack of information and resolution, but his way of riding the horse of argument. His passion is too much, and so he sorts his carefully-collected data prejudiciously. If you make allowances for the horse he is riding, and the verbal skill of the rider, this investigation of Russia appears not only informative and lively, but frightfully truthful. Commander King-Hall is chock-full of ideas and facts.

T. J. A.



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Music

A Gentle Friend

LAST WEEK a friend announced proudly that he had a new acquisition. He then showed me a polished wooden box, five or six feet long, two feet wide, and about six inches deep, mounted on four legs. He lifted the lid—and there was a clavichord. The four and a half octave keyboard fits snugly into the left hand half of the whole instrument. It is a very striking looking keyboard, too. The usually white keys are black, and the usually black keys are white. This instrument, therefore, though made in Oxford in 1952, is following the fashion of the early clavichords. The pianoforte keyboard colouring was a special tradition found in Italy and the Netherlands.

As a piece of furniture, it is a most pleasing object; and as a musical instrument, its tone is ever soft, gentle, and low. It is a great mistake to think of the clavichord and the harpsichord as but the imperfect forerunners of the piano. They are different instruments from the piano, and from one another. You might as well say that the oboe was but an imperfect forerunner of the concertina; after all, both are reed instruments.

The piano strikes its wires with padded hammers. The clavichord, on the other hand, picks up the wire with a little brass tab. The pressure on the key holds it up, and lets it vibrate with the tiny impulse it gets from its hoisting up. You can feel the wire vibrating through the key; and an expert player on a seasoned clavichord can give a vibrato tone, by trembling his finger. He can also give the *Bebung;* the special effect of repeating a note, not by a fresh blow, but by a fresh pressure from the finger, which has never left the key.

The instrument is extremely quiet; the player himself can barely hear its sweet, delicious tones. There is an old story sometimes told of Handel, and sometimes of Mozart. The little boy is found to be missing from his bed. The house is ransacked, and lo and behold! there he is up in the attic improvising at the keyboard. The actual instrument is supposed to have been the clavichord, and this alone might make the story plausible, for it is certainly almost inaudible six feet away.

As for the music that can be played on it: well, almost all the keyboard music of Bach and Scarlatti, to begin with. I do not share the view that these masters should be played on a piano, on the grounds that had they lived when the piano was fully developed, they would certainly have made use of it. They certainly would; but they certainly didn't. Their music was written for other instruments—the harpsichord and the clavichord. When we are speculating about what great artists would have done with other means, we might well remember the remark in *The Compleat Angler* about the strawberry: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

While it is true that the piano can do things which the clavichord cannot begin to do, it is plain that the clavichord, too, has its peculiar merits. Karl Philip Emmanuel Bach, who, admittedly only knew early pianos, said: "I believe, nevertheless, that a good clavichord has all the beauties of the piano, with the exception that its tone is weaker. In addition, it has the *Bebung.*" No doubt this good opinion was partly derived from his father, the great Bach himself, whose favourite chamber instrument seems to have been the clavichord. Even Mozart, much later, used a clavichord to compose the *Magic Flute;* the very instrument is now in the Mozarteum at Salzburg.

But the most remarkable testimonial comes from Beethoven, who is reported to have said: "Among all keyed instruments the clavichord was that on which one could best control tone, and expressive interpretation." And indeed, there is good evidence that Beethoven's own style of playing on the piano was founded on the mastery of the clavichord.

All this does not alter the fact that the clavichord is not even suitable for accompanying any other instrument. Its tone is so slight and delicate that it perhaps casts an interesting light on some of the harsh relations in early music, harsh, that is to say, to judge by their sound on the piano. On the clavichord all such roughness is smoothed, and harshness, softened.

Nor should we deafen ourselves to the vast amount of music composed after the clavichord, and for which the clavichord would not only be aesthetically preposterous, but technically impossible. Even if there were no other reason, the short keyboard would eliminate anything written to take advantage of the full range of the modern piano.

But it is a bad thing to apply to music really written for earlier instruments, like the clavichord, standards of judgment which we have taken from later instruments. It may well be that the *Forty Eight Preludes and Fugues* of Bach have, on the piano, fresh beauties of which their composer never dreamed. But it is also true that they may lose, on the piano, those beauties of which their composer *did* dream, those beauties which he intended they should display, and which he strove to incorporate in his work. Most of these qualities are undeniably different from the qualities of piano music; they are even different from the qualities of the harpsichord, which is so much more vigorous than the clavichord, with so much more variety in blocks of tone, and with so much less variety in minute and intimate detail.

There are a few recordings of the clavichord available, some, for instance, in the interesting series of the *Anthologie Sonore.* But I advise you to stay away from them; they sound dry and wooden, and give no impression of the real charm and beauty of this delicate little instrument.

LISTER SINCLAIR

Business

The Chartered Banks: Arteries of Commerce

By C. M. SHORT

THE COMMERCIAL BANKING system, made up mainly of what are known as chartered institutions, is a product of the experience of nearly 150 years, although there was some banking in this country even as early as the 18th century. An Intendant (financial official) of the French regime issued the first paper money in North America. The failure of one of the Mother Country's money remittances to reach the colony in time led this official to cut playing cards into four pieces, mark them "Bon" for various amounts and pass them on in payment of bills due merchants and others. The first issue was redeemed with funds from France, but some later issues were left outstanding, and by the time the British captured Quebec, the colony was flooded with paper currency of greatly depreciated value.

The British authorities adopted the common metallic currency of the New World, the Spanish dollar, a measure that brought some financial stability. However, this money had to be supplemented with specie of other kinds —American dollars, British guineas, French crowns and Portuguese johannes—because imports invariably exceeded exports, with the result that money left the country faster than it came in.

Leading merchants in several communities, notably Montreal, were the bankers during the latter part of the 18th century and until shortly after the war of 1812. These businessmen took deposits, accepted orders for payment and granted credit to tradesmen. Many of these merchants were also importers and their exchange difficulties as a result of the inadequate supplies of specie led them and some of their associates to form organized banks. One of these men, Enos Collins, a native of Liverpool, NS, and a lieutenant of a privateer that made daring raids along the Spanish Main, later became a financier and manager of other sanguinary voyages, including the running of the French blockade during the Napoleonic Wars; supplies were carried to Wellington's army in the Spanish Peninsula and on the return trip West Indian rum and sugar were brought back to Halifax. When peace came in 1815, Collins saw that the war prosperity was over and turned to making private loans out of his surplus capital, to discounting bills and to financing cargoes from such distant countries as China. A few years later he and several other outstanding Haligonians (one was Samuel Cunard, the founder of the steamship line that bears his name) applied for and obtained a provincial charter for an organized banking institution, The Halifax Banking Company. Collins was a dominant figure in this bank until his retirement at an advanced age; one example of his faith was that at the age of 97 he renewed a tenant's lease for twenty years, with the injunction to come to him personally at the end of that period and he would again renew the lease on the same terms.

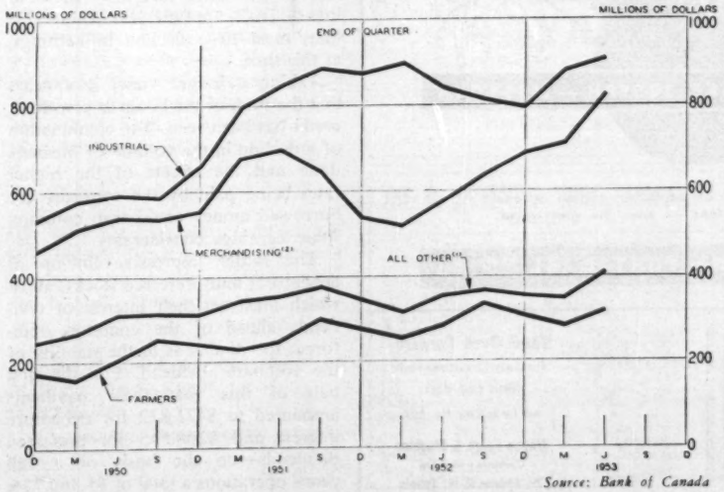
Between this period of the first organized banking and Confederation, a number of institutions were formed, some under Royal and others under Provincial charters. With Confederation, the Federal government took control of the currency of the country, by establishing a uniform national money system and by passing the first comprehensive Bank Act providing for the functions and performance of banking. This Act has since been revised about every ten years which enables the banks to adapt themselves to the changing and generally progressive conditions of the country.

For nearly two decades before the first Act, there was an almost constant bitter struggle between Montreal and Toronto interests as to the form that the Canadian banking system should take. As early as 1850 the legislature of Upper Canada had been persuaded by a Colonel Merritt of Welland to pass a so-called free banking act with the object of establishing unit banks, such as those in the United States, in newly established localities in the Province. This idea encouraged a leading Montreal banker and some of his associates, including several influential politicians, to press even more strongly for a banking system on the American pattern, that is, one of local institutions without power to establish branches. The Montreal institution leading this movement had suffered some heavy losses in Upper Canada and desired to concentrate its activities in its own local field and in New York. The opposition group in Toronto, headed by the late Senator William McMaster (who founded McMaster University) finally won out with the aid of Sir Francis Hincks, Minister of Finance. So Canada got the Bank Act of 1871 and a banking system resembling the Scottish rather than the American model.

The Canadian system has, however, certain distinctive features of its own singularly adaptable to Canada and the financial requirements of her people. One feature is the decennial review of the Bank Act and consideration of modifications of, and additions to, the powers of the banks by a Parliamentary Committee of the House of Commons. In effect, the banks are brought before a legislative tribunal to explain their actions and apply for new charters to last ten years without which they could not operate. The banks themselves may suggest changes, usually to broaden their services. For example, a distinctive feature was introduced many years ago by the banks to provide for loans for the production and processing of raw materials. This section of the Act has been broadened over the years so that now it applies to farmers, ranchers, loggers, miners, processors and wholesalers who produce, finish and deal in a considerable proportion of the large quantities of raw materials and goods that Canada has today. There are of course many other types of financing performed by these institutions, including the lending of small amounts to individuals for personal needs. The present Act also empowers banks to open branches, deal in specie, and accept deposits.

It is important to note that there are some things that the banks of this country cannot do. They are expressly forbidden to trade, deal in or make advances on the security of any bank stock, or, except as authorized by the Bank Act, allow their names to appear on any security prospectus or advertisement, or lend money on the mortgage or hypothecation of real estate. The purpose of this prohibition is, of course, to prevent a bank from speculating or "freezing" its assets in real estate or in industry. Canadian banks are not in any sense "land" banks; they may take land mortgages only as additional security for loans already contracted and are expected to dispose of real estate so acquired within twelve years (an initial maximum of seven years and an authorized extension up to five years).

Chartered Banks:
Agricultural, Industrial and Commercial Loans



Source: Bank of Canada

WAS BANKING in this country originated with import and export traders, this financial system developed foreign services as Canada progressed economically. By the time the First World War broke out, these services were among the most efficient to be found anywhere, capable of meeting not only domestic requirements but also some of those of other countries. Thus Canadian bank representatives in the United States handled at one time a substantial part of the cotton export bills of that country, as well as transactions for shipments of canned fish, fruit and lumber from the American Pacific Coast. During the Spanish-American war a Canadian bank arranged through its correspondents for the payment of American soldiers in the Philippines. In the 1914-18 conflict this institution was the agent for the British Government's bullion brokers responsible for buying and shipping vast quantities of American silver to India.

These services for foreign trade are, of course, primarily for Canadian requirements. Bills of exchange representing export shipments and discounted by the banks, as most of them are, may be regarded as credit. And the redemption of these bills is a most important element in export trade, for without it Canadian products shipped abroad might not be paid for—if, indeed, they would even be shipped unless redemption was assured. An exporter may consider himself freed, except in a legal sense, of further responsibility for a shipment of goods once he has arranged for sale

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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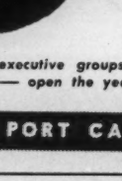

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Anacon Lead

I WOULD *like your opinion on Anacon Lead Mines. Are the shares worth buying at current market prices? — W. H. D., Valleyfield, Que.*

According to the chart pattern, this stock has now completed the distribution phase and entered a broad decline. Announcement of the deal with Brunswick and Leadridge, when the stock was 5.15, made it the target for a considerable amount of professional short selling, and the rapid decline to 3.55 registered an emphatic market verdict on it.

It will take considerable time to bring the properties into production and solve the difficult problems in metallurgy that, we understand, bar the way to economic recovery of commercial metals. And with established lead-zinc producers like Consolidated Smelting and Hudson Bay Mining finding it difficult to maintain profits with base metal prices slumping (zinc is especially weak) it seems reasonable to doubt whether the project will be very profitable.

Considering the general outlook for base metal mines, it appears that this stock is more a subject for short selling whenever a "pushup" towards the ceiling of supply near 4.50 is attempted than for either short or long term buying.

Industrial Acceptance

I HOLD *Industrial Acceptance Corp. common and preferred stocks. I would appreciate your opinion on these.—Mrs. A. McK., Vancouver.*

From the market action of these stocks, and their demonstrated ability to hold within a narrow price range while many major issues have been forced down to new lows in the recent bursts of selling, they appear to be a good hold for income.

As a service company which provides loans for the financing of "on time" purchases of automobiles, furniture and other forms of personal loans, IAC appears less vulnerable than most to a decline in earnings, at this time.

Taking a longer view, it appears that the peak of the boom in consumer credit has been seen. The combination of a decline in the volume of business done and the effects of the higher rates being paid by the company for borrowed money could trim common share earnings considerably.

The rather impressive line-up of debentures and preferred stocks, all of which must get their interest or dividends ahead of the common, reinforces the doubts as to the stability of the common dividend. For the first half of this year these payments amounted to $471,822 for debenture interest and $208,545 for preferred dividends—on the basis of a full year's operations a total of $1,360,734.

While earned income for the first half of this year was a record $20,453,226, a sum that surpassed the earned income for all of 1950 ($16,877,036), it is conceivable that business could revert to 1950 levels in the future.

In such an event, fixed costs, including payments on debentures and preferred issues, would cut deeply into the amounts available for common dividends.

Thus, if you are holding your stocks for long-term income, it would appear advisable to switch your common stock into one of the preferred issues. Of these, the convertible 5 per cent preferred appears the most attractive.

Investment Trusts

I HAVE *been considering a major revision in my investment holdings. I am thinking of purchasing shares in several of the large American Investment Trusts. Which type of fund would you recommend? Also could you tell me if any American company publishes any comparative data on these Funds, as I wish to explore the subject thoroughly before making any commitments. — G. P., Hamilton, Ont.*

With the market in its present phase of broad decline, the balanced Funds, which shift holdings from stocks to bonds and preferred stocks in accordance with the formula plans followed by their managements, would appear most suitable for your purpose.

As there are a great many of these Funds now in existence, you will find the exhaustive survey of them, published by Hugh A. Johnson of Buffalo, New York, of great help and interest. The comparative charts of 63 investment trusts offer a very good means of evaluating them against each other and against the performance of leading stocks and the Dow-Jones Averages, over the past ten years.

The charts show how the various types of funds, from open-end common stock to balanced funds, have fluctuated in concert with the general market. Other tables show dividend payments and give a wealth of other data.

Atlas Steels

ABOUT A YEAR *ago I purchased some Atlas Steels Ltd. at 19. With the present quotation of 15½ below my purchase price I am wondering whether to continue to hold the stock or sell out at a loss.—J. E. R., Chatham, Ont.*

The general slackening of demand for stainless steels and the increase in competitive supplies from Europe in both the domestic and export markets has continued to limit both sales volume and earnings for this company.

Net profit for the first six months of this year totalled $551,592 or 66 cents per share as compared to the

net profit of $2,706,707, or $3.24 per share, earned last year and the $3,470,019, or $4.16 per share, earned in 1951.

As the outlook for the second half of the year does not appear to be too promising, it seems reasonable to expect that net profits for the year will be about $1 million. As this sum would barely cover the $834,787 required for the $1 per share dividends paid last year, the possibility of a reduction in the dividend rate must be considered.

The new production facilities of the stainless steel strip and tube mills, expected to come into production towards the end of the year, have required heavy capital expenditures. In addition, bond interest and sinking fund payments on the 4¾ per cent first mortgage bonds, which last year amounted to $387,675 and $538,000 respectively, must be paid. It seems possible, in view of these factors, that dividends may have to be revised in order to conserve working capital.

Such a move would likely touch off a sharp decline in the stock and extend the downtrend from the 1952 high of 24 to about 11. Thus selling of your holdings is recommended.

Indore Gold Mines

PLEASE LET ME *know your opinion of the value of the shares of Indore Gold Mines, now called Sylvania Uranium Mines.—C. W. H., Peterborough, Ont.*

According to a report on this company, issued by the Ontario Securities Commission last June, the investigating engineer in his forecast of the production operations contemplated at Indore's uranium properties considered "that at best the production operation would be marginal," and "the prospects for deriving an operating profit from mining and milling uranium ore on Indore properties as described are poor."

As the other properties held by the company are still very much in the "prospect" class the value of these shares is exactly what is placed upon them in the unlisted market.

Canadian Pacific

I BOUGHT *Canadian Pacific Railway shares when they were 34½. Would it be advisable to sell now and take a loss, or hold them anticipating a recovery to nearer the price I paid for them?—M. M., Arvida, Que.*

With the earnings of the company falling behind forecasts to such an extent that an official stated that the maintenance program would have to be curtailed, the possibility of an advance would seem to be very limited at this time.

Early this year (SATURDAY NIGHT, Feb. 7) with the stock selling at 31, an analysis of the chart pattern was presented. It was estimated then that a decline below 30 would indicate a broad extension of the decline with objectives of 26 and 18.

The recent low of 21⅞ indicates the stock is well on its way to the 18 mark and the decline in rail earnings, along with the decline in earnings of the important subsidiaries of steamships and Consolidated Mining and Smelting, is adding pressure to the selling side.

From the general trend of the stock markets, which has brought the Dow-Jones Industrial average to 255.49 and the rail average to a new low of 90.56, in what must be classed as a major downtrend, it seems likely that a considerable extension of the broad decline from the January highs can be expected. On present estimates the averages could recede to 227 and 82 before a recovery of consequence develops. Maximum pressure on the market will likely develop about the first of November.

If this forecast is correct, it would appear advisable to sell your stock and await an opportunity to repurchase it on weakness.

Scurry Oil

I WOULD *like your opinion on Scurry Oil. I bought some shares at 3.60 and would like to know whether they are worth keeping.—M.A.L., Toronto.*

When this stock was reviewed last February, it was estimated that the line of value lay near the $1 mark. The broad decline in western oils which has tumbled the Toronto Stock Exchange Oil Index from the April, 1952, high of 157 to a new low of 89.61, has brought all the oil stocks down to or below their estimated basic values.

After 17 months of decline, a process that has squeezed much of the water out of stock prices, it would appear that the oils should be bottoming out and approaching the time when a recovery of some proportions should develop.

Completion of the Trans Mountain Pipe line in October and the extension of the Interprovincial line to Sarnia later in the year should provide for a considerable increase in production allowables and in operating revenues for producing companies.

Scurry, with most of its wells feeding a branch line to Edmonton, should stand to benefit to a considerable extent. From this, and from the chart pattern of the stock, it appears that the long decline from 5.15 should end near the dollar mark.

Just when a flare-up in speculative interest in the oils will occur is, of course, impossible to estimate, but, barring the discovery of a new major oil field, the emergence of some sensible solution to the natural gas import-export muddle could do it.

Maximum recovery for Scurry, on such a move, would appear to be about 1.75 with heavy supply above the 1.50 mark.

In Brief

DO YOU THINK *International Bronze Powders Ltd., Common is a good buy at the present market? — A. J. P., Vancouver.*

No.

What should I do with shares of Mintrock Gold Mines? — A. J. S., Oshawa, Ont.

Frame them. The company is bankrupt.

W. P. S.

Keeping in Touch?

Many investors try to keep their investment income in line with changes in the value of money. They usually find that keeping steadily in touch with changes in their investments is of great assistance to them in doing this.

Investors will find our September "Review and Securities List" doubly useful. It contains quotations for some 80 important Canadian government and corporation security issues, together with a short discussion of recent changes in security yields, business conditions and price indexes.

A copy of our September "Review and Securities List" will be forwarded gladly on request to any of our offices.

Wood, Gundy & Company
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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
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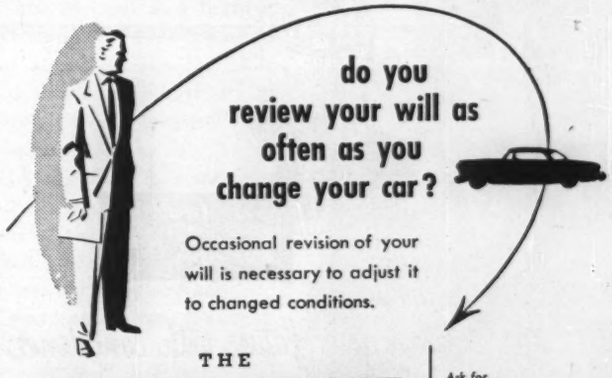
EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



do you review your will as often as you change your car?

Occasional revision of your will is necessary to adjust it to changed conditions.

THE **ROYAL TRUST** COMPANY

Ask for our booklet "Some Remarks on Wills"

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY
LIMITED

Common Dividend No. 64

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on September 2nd, 1953, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1953. At the same meeting a special dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was also declared payable October 1st, 1953, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
A. M. DOUDA,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario,
Sept. 2nd, 1953.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

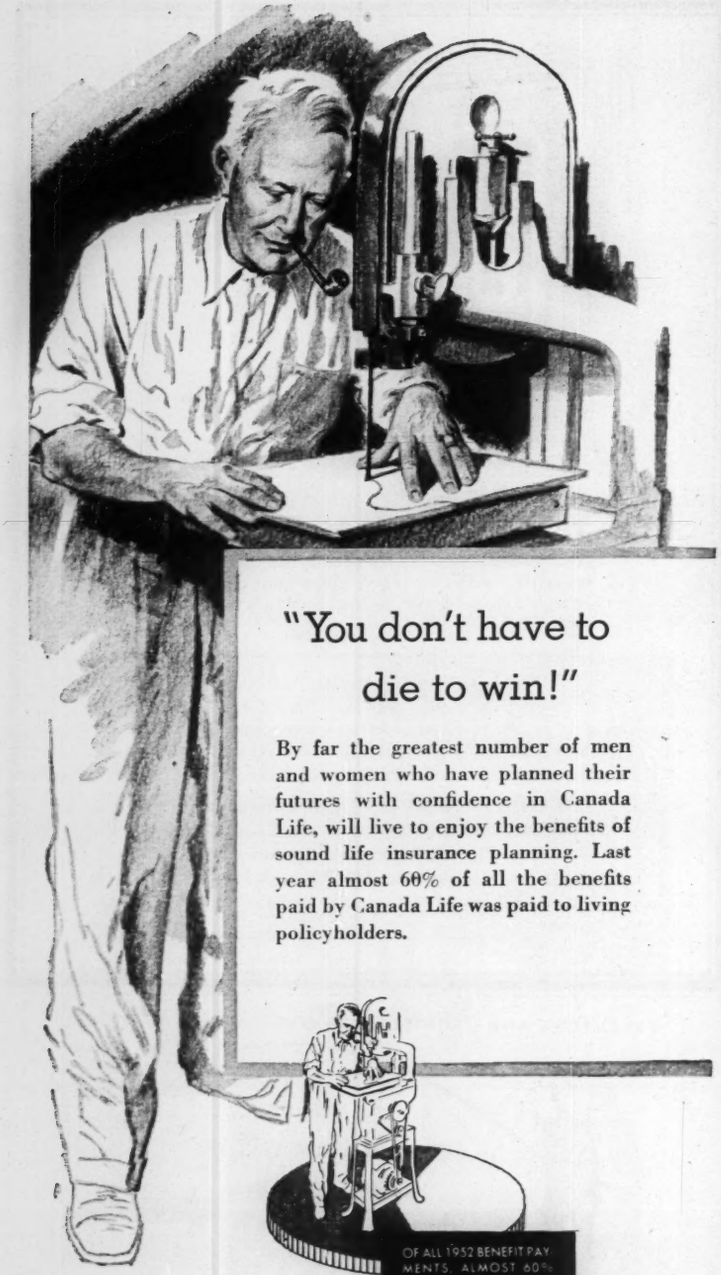
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st OCTOBER, 1953,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th September, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager.

September 10th, 1953



"You don't have to die to win!"

By far the greatest number of men and women who have planned their futures with confidence in Canada Life, will live to enjoy the benefits of sound life insurance planning. Last year almost 60% of all the benefits paid by Canada Life was paid to living policyholders.

OF ALL 1952 BENEFIT PAYMENTS, ALMOST 60% WAS PAID TO LIVING POLICYHOLDERS

plan your future with confidence in

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company

Certificate No. C-1426

has been issued authorizing The Reinsurance Corporation Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Mr. V. R. WILLEMSEN has been appointed Chief Agent.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 267

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 4th September 1953.

Harold Rose, Hamilton

CHARLES D. ROICE: Still a salesman.

Who's Who in Business

ONCE EVERY MONTH Charles D. Roice, President of the International Harvester Company of Canada Limited, leaves Hamilton by plane or car to visit some of the people who are buying or selling farm equipment. On these trips he changes into a high-calibre salesman who is quite apt to go home with a farmer to try out a piece of equipment on the spot.

In his opinion, salesmanship is essential for anyone in business, a fact too many executives are apt to forget. As a personal reminder, his large mahogany office desk is topped by a neatly-printed notice reading: "Learn to sell again."

He was a salesman during his early days with the company in his home state of Kansas. When he returned to the States in 1935 after four years as Assistant Managing Director of the Australian subsidiary, he first realized how easy it was to lose touch with this important aspect of the business.

"I had fooled myself into believing that I was such a good salesman that even the farmer's dog wouldn't bite me," he recalls. "I soon found out that everything had changed and that in business nothing ever stands still."

Just how many bites it took him to learn the lesson is not on record. As a boy at Osborne, Kansas, where he was born 57 years ago, he worked on his father's farm and he still likes to test out some of the firm's equipment personally.

From his office he can see the cargo boats set off on their long trip across three lakes carrying the company's tractors to Fort William from where they will be shipped by train to the

THE CASE OF FILBERT FINAGGLE

Filbert, who had beaten out his brains for many years trying to outsharp the bargain sales, had a dream one night that changed the course of his life.

He dreamed he saw himself, faultlessly attired, receiving a promotion from Mr. Big.

So he rushed in to see us —realizing that if he could make a favourable impression on Mr. Big, the promotion would logically follow.

The moral is— see Wahlroth when you think of clothes.

Chris Wahlroth Clothes

Room 4
Manning Arcade
24 King St. West
Toronto

great farming areas of the West. He has flown over the route himself, and travelled to every spot in Canada where one of the company's scores of district offices helps to distribute its products.

Some of the Canadian company's machinery also goes south, for certain items—such as grain drills and stationary threshers—are made exclusively in Canada for the entire world market. Other items, made in the States, are imported for sale to Canadian farmers and it is Charles Roice's eventual ambition to have these two sides of the account balance.

"I hope the day will eventually dawn when our company sends as much machinery south of the border as they send us," he says. "I don't know what *their* plan is, but that's mine."

Charley Roice is a staunch Canadian by adoption although both he and his wife Gladys have spent much time in other countries. His job has taken him to Australia; several cities in the U.S.A.; London, England, where he directed the International Harvester Co. of Great Britain from 1946-7; Belgium; and finally Chicago, where he was when he was appointed Director-General of European Operations in 1948. In April, 1950, he was elected director and senior vice-president of the Canadian company and six months later became its President.

"We prefer living in Canada to any spot we've been," he reflects, "and I think I know why. Canada is the only country left in the world where the ordinary public hasn't entirely lost contact with the pioneers. There is still so much to open up and develop, still so much to be done."

A business acquaintance says that International Harvester's Canadian operations run smoothly because its salesman-president studies his job. Once in a while Roice nips off in his green Studebaker to play a round of golf at one of the two local clubs where he is a member, but much more often, when in town, he can be found either studying some technical operation about which he's not quite clear or attending Chamber of Commerce or trade association meetings.

Even when he gets home to Burlington he spends most of his time experimenting with soil techniques and small-scale harvesting in his garden. But he calls that a hobby.

JOHN WILCOCK

•

Chartered Banks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and delivery, covered himself by insurance and discounted his bill of exchange with his banker. But it remains for the banker to collect the money due for the shipment in any country to which the goods may be consigned, anywhere in the accessible world. Export trade does not end, therefore, until the banks obtain payment for it, a process effected through the banks' branches abroad or through foreign banking correspondents, associates who have been carefully selected and whose services have been cultivated for many years in the interest of the foreign trade of Canada.

The general policies and direction of this banking system are centralized in Head Offices manned by officers specially chosen for the administrative capacity necessary for such organization after serving at various branches.

Each branch office, though it operates under the direction of its Head Office, is a bank in itself, for it is equipped to do a general business in deposits, loans, exchange, etc.

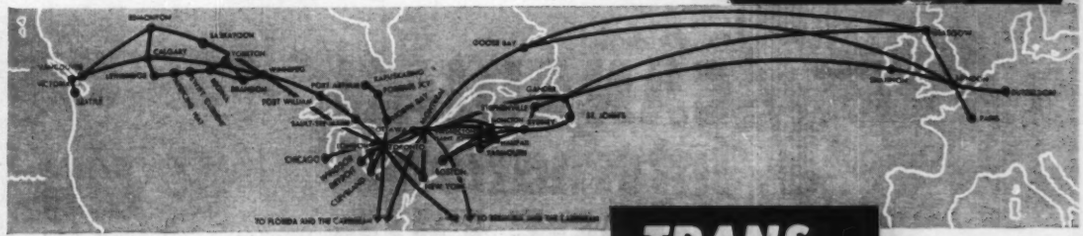
There are now about 3,900 branch banks of this system in operation, of which slightly over 100 are outside Canada. Three-quarters of the Canadian offices are outside the big cities. Through these and the branches in the major centres flow practically all the business and financial transactions of Canada, domestic and foreign. Last year these resulted in a gross national production of about $23 billion, which might be safely assumed to have meant bank entries, credit and debit, of nearly $50 billion. On this estimated volume, the banks' gross earnings were $337 million, while their expenses were $285 million. Large as the gross earnings seem, they represented only about 2/3 of 1 per cent of the total estimated volume of banking business, a service charge rate which must be one of the lowest that the Canadian public pays for essential facilities.

Above all, people...

...it's the craftsman's hands of a skilled mechanic...the friendly smile of a stewardess...the calm confidence of a "million miler" Captain. It's the more than 6,000 men and women of TCA—in the air and on the ground—who are chiefly responsible for TCA's proud position among the great airlines of the world.

True, other factors have contributed to TCA's outstanding record . . . such as fine aircraft and highest standards of maintenance. But above all it's the skill and experience of TCA people which assure the continuing dependability of TCA flights. Their interest and personal service make your travel an *extra* pleasure when you fly TCA—*one of the world's great airlines.*

Next time you travel—fly TCA.



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CROSSROADS OF WORLD TRADE

Every Canadian can profit from the new business brought to Canada, from the purchasing power earned by our customers abroad, and from the new industries established in Canada by foreign exhibitors.

You, *the Canadian manufacturer*, can make a valuable business investment at the Trade Fair.

Some outstanding statistics from the '53 Fair: 28,179 business visitors from 57 countries . . . from every Canadian province, especially Ontario and Quebec . . . from 40 states south of the border; 27 exhibiting countries occupied 264,843 square feet of space, 40% more than the previous year . . . before the '53 Fair was over space contracts were signed for '54.

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1954 *7th Annual*

CANADIAN International TRADE FAIR

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TORONTO, MAY 31 – JUNE 11, 1954

They Say

Washington Post: Since Americans usually measure business progress by the size of gains made from year to year it is rather surprising to hear complacent remarks about foreign trade on the ground that the dollar gap is no longer a major problem. The important fact is that the dollar gap has been substantially narrowed because some of our best customers have had to stop buying our goods. As the United Nations Economic Bulletin for Europe said the other day, the "virtual extinction" of the dollar gap has been accomplished by less trade rather than more. Nearly half the improvement in Europe's dollar account has been accomplished as a result of sharply lowered purchases in the United States; only a tenth of it was due to larger sales in the United States.

La Patrie, Montreal: There is no right to which French Canadians hold more strongly, after the practice of their religion and the use of their language, than to their own French civil laws . . . Meetings such as that just held in Quebec to study the uniformity of the country's law no doubt have their uses . . . There are fields in which the provinces should collaborate. It is desirable, for example, that they should agree that anyone should be able to change his province and still discharge all obligations, family and otherwise. There should likewise be agreement on the subject of driving licences, traffic regulations, etc., in view of the fact that trips among the provinces are more and more numerous. But it should not be expected that we should renounce our civil code and that we should accept uniformity of laws to our detriment.

By Appointment
Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
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DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

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Great American Group of Insurance Companies

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Johnny's bank account is one of nearly 9,000,000 now carried by Canadians in the chartered banks — 3,750,000 opened in the last ten years alone. Today, practically everybody goes to the bank. Competition among the banks in all forms of banking service is one of the reasons why you, like Johnny, can expect prompt, efficient, courteous attention to your needs at your own local branch.

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

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EATON'S
IS WISE IN THE
WAYS OF WEDDINGS

Serene Moment...

When the day of dreams comes true, she's tranquil and composed . . . confident that behind the scenes Eaton's experienced Wedding Bureau is coping capably with all the feverish details!

EATON'S... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES COAST-TO-COAST

Beauty

POLISH-BORN Helena Rubinstein started her cosmetic business in Australia—the outcome of a broken heart and one jar of cold cream.

Now, 51 years later, she has netted over $25 million. She has salons in London, Paris, New York, Washington, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Toronto and in scores of other cities. Her newest plant, near Toronto and costing some $750,000, opens in January.

When 18-year-old Helena Rubinstein fell in love, her family disapproved and sent her to visit cousins in Australia. In her baggage was a jar of cold cream, made from a Hungarian doctor's formula. The cream proved invaluable as the Australian climate was unkind to most skins. Helena sent for more jars, and sold them privately.

In 1902, she opened a one-room salon in Melbourne and soon moved to a larger establishment, but a successful career in Australia was not enough. She had ideas, although she lacked ready cash. Then came the break. A newspaper story brought an avalanche of 15,000 pre-paid orders, at $1 per jar. She left her staff to run the salon and returned to Europe, to study with leading dermatologists.

In 1906 she rented the 20-room home of Lord Salisbury, in London's Mayfair. Businessmen declared she would never win a clientele among the conservative English. On opening day, the victorias literally blocked the street. In 1912, she was established in Paris; in 1915, in New York. Other salons followed in Europe and the Americas.

As a business woman, Madame Rubinstein has few equals. In 1917 she opened a new field for higher priced cosmetics, by agreeing to the sale of her preparations in departmental stores. In 1927 she sold her American business for a reputed $7 million, then bought it back, after the market crash in 1929, for about $1½ million.

She is a fascinating woman. Only 4 feet 10 inches tall, she easily dominates a gathering. She is not a talker, but her snapping black eyes take in everything and everyone. Regardless of hair styles, her black hair is drawn back severely into a neat bun. She is extremely fond of clothes with simple lines and has a passion for handsome jewellery. She is also an art collector; her collection of African Primitives is world-famous. Her homes in London, Paris and New York are crowded with Bristol glass, Venetian mirrors, Russian gold samovars, and period furniture. But she still puts on a white smock and works with her chemists in her laboratories, always adding to her range of products.

To everyone in the business she is "Madame"; socially, she becomes "Princess". She married Prince Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonia, a Georgian Prince, some 15 years ago. She has two sons by a former marriage to an American.

MARGARET NESS

Women

Alfredo Valente

COSMETICIAN HELENA RUBINSTEIN: with some of her collection of objets d'art, in the foyer of her Park Avenue penthouse, in New York.

Conversation Pieces:

We saw the first of the new shorter Dior hemlines, at the Holt Renfrew preview of its foreign collection. We expected to be startled; actually, the dress was so beautifully cut that the hemline seemed exactly right. We especially liked his grey jersey dress-and-jacket costume, the skirt in wide pleats (a Dior trend this Fall). In its Italian collection, Holt Renfrew is introducing a new couturier, Ferdinandi of Rome, whose family has been linked with fashions for three centuries. Highlight of the show, however, was one of Holt Renfrew's own fur coats, a sapphire beaver, which, Marion Foltz stressed, is the only coat of its kind in Canada.

Next week the Royal Winnipeg Ballet opens its season, but will be minus dancer Shelagh Henderson, who was married last month. Another member who deserted them for marriage in 1951, will be back for a guest appearance. She is former *prima ballerina* Jean McKenzie, now living in Montreal with her husband, Norman McBain of the CBC.

Weddings: champion swimmer Irene Strong, of Vancouver, to Lt. William E. Gordon, USAF; Carolyn Graham, daughter of G. P. Graham, Town of Mount Royal, Que., to Owen Ness, son of J. E. Ness, of Howick, Que.; Dorothy Moses, of Hamilton, Ont., to Derek William Hart Dyke, son of Sir Oliver Augustus Hamilton Hart Dyke and Zoe, Lady Hart Dyke, whose silk-worm farm provided the silk for the Coronation robes of Queen Elizabeth; Patricia Elizabeth Maud Griffiths, daughter of the late William Robert Griffiths, one of the original members of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, to Wayne Harley Thornton Disher of Vancouver; Jeannette Elizabeth Reid, daughter of Councillor Morton Reid, to David Gordon Eaton, son of Rex Eaton, both of Vancouver.

"The ladies demand the right to stand with one foot on the brass rail, but they won't say 'The next round is on me'. This is how one wit describes the woman's crusade for equality"—Mirra Komarovsky in her new book, *Women in the Modern World* (McClelland & Stewart, $4.50).

Canadian-born hat designer Anne duBé, of New York (she left her native Quebec at the age of three months), was at Eaton's recently. "This year is a hat year," she said. "The choice of styles is wide open." To prove it, she rhymed off six trends: the cloche; the profile, capitalizing on the Italian theme introduced by "Mr. John" of New York; the elliptical plateau, with its east-west feeling; the brimless cap, with the emphasis on the material; the "finger" profile or cap, to fit the contour of the head; the perennial sailor, small or large.

Appointments: Marjorie Hudson, of Vankleek Hill, Ont., is in Ceylon, as a public health nurse, with the World Health Organization; a graduate of the University of Western Ontario and Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, she has served the organization for the past two years in India. Noreen Moncur, of Almonte, Ont., has been appointed home economist with the Federal Department of Fisheries.

We never did manage to master the intricacies of sewing by machine, but recently we saw two new developments that made us think we might. Elna is introducing into Canada its Supermatic, an automatic machine that can sew two rows simultaneously, in two colors, and in many types of stitching. It is all done by "records," like those on a gramophone, that guide the needle. Levers control the size of the stitches. And Singer has brought out a new "Slant-needle" that allows for better and easier handling of the material. The work is brought out from under the arm of the machine, into better view.

Family Protection!

Instinct tells the partridge what to do to protect its family. When danger threatens, it lures the enemy away, giving its family time to seek protective shelter. Your family needs protection too.

If you were to die prematurely, your wife would need an income to raise and educate your family . . . and enough to keep her from becoming a financial burden to your children in her later years.

You must have $60,000 to invest at 4% if you wish to provide your family with an interest income of $200 each month.

With Crown Leader and Family Income Benefit at age 30, you can create an estate for your family which will pay $200 each month from the date of your death until you would have reached age 60, and then a cash payment of $10,000 . . . immediate protection which adds up to $82,000, reducing to $10,000 when you are 60 years of age. Expensive? Not at all. This complete plan requires a deposit of $25.70 each month until you are age 60; after that the monthly deposit will reduce to $13.40. There is a similar plan to fit your family's needs and your budget.

Contact your Crown Life representative or write to the Crown Life Insurance Company, 59 Yonge Street, Toronto, giving us your age and requirements.

Introducing

Louis Berai

Fashion Designer

LOUIS BERAI and his sister Anna have a year-old shop in St. Catharines, Ont., in a converted old house, just off the main thoroughfare. There is a studio for Berai, a workroom for the two seamstresses, and rooms where Anna sells accessories. His career: three years as a dispatch-rider in the war; two years at the Institute of Technology, Calgary; two years at the Traphagen School of Fashion, New York.

BERAI'S first interest in fashion designing occurred when, at the age of seven, he "created" a dress out of his father's best vest, without parental permission. Later he made little hats that would sit on the finger. At 17, he designed his sister's 2-piece wedding suit and costume coat — all without any lessons.

HI FI

Enthusiasts

YOU'LL LOVE THIS NEW SELECTIVE 45 R.P.M. MUSIC SYSTEM . . .

SEEBURG 45 R.P.M.

Select-o-matic 200 CONSOLE

100 RECORDS
200 SELECTIONS

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CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER

"I DECIDED to start my career in my home town because, if I can make good with people who 'knew me when', I feel I can make good any place," says Lewis Aiken — whose trade name is Louis Berai (pronounced as is the French *beret* hat). Among his customers is another sister, Mrs. A. C. John Franklin, the wife of the Mayor of St. Catharines; stage producer Maude Franchot of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; and just recently Billie Burke dropped in and ordered a couple of dresses for herself and took some sketches for her daughter to see —sketches like the ones shown here from his Fall collection.

FIRST comes an informal consultation — the new customer relaxed in a comfortable chair, Berai sitting tailor-fashion on the floor. They talk about her social schedule, her other activities, her preference in clothes and colors. Then he can visualize the costumes that will not only express her personality but also fit into her day-by-day life. If she herself has clothes and color sense, wonderful; if not, he tries to talk her into realizing what is best for her. His pet annoyance: two or three women clothes hunting together. "No two women see eye to eye on fashion and they only confuse each other."

THE BEST dressed woman at any gathering, Berai claims, is the one you notice at once but afterwards cannot remember for her clothes. Subtle lines also mean the clothes can be worn more often — a practical as well as a fashion point. Berai feels the designer has his biggest problem in the stepped-up life of most women. Clothes are expected to see them round the clock. But that is impossible, Berai insists. So he advises a good basic wardrobe, that can last for years, and around which you can build. Women, he feels, have a tendency to overdress. They see glamorized fashion pictures which they try to imitate. On the other hand, he thinks Canadian women are afraid to express themselves in color. His credo: good classic lines and the best material the customer can afford.

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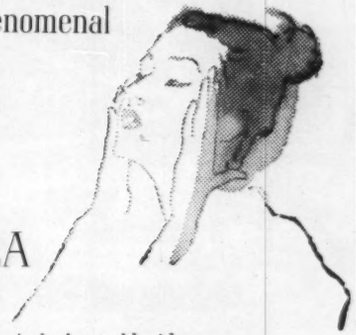

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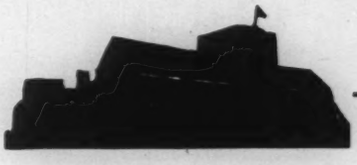

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A Message To Parents

The training, guidance and education of your boy or girl is today a matter of the greatest importance. The measure of life's success will depend very greatly on the school you select to assist you in this great task. The school's environment, character and qualifications must be your first concern, and the financial outlay cannot, of course, be ignored.

Our Staff is carefully selected from experienced teachers of the finest calibre, recognizing that personal guidance, plus skillful teaching, is essential. The college is inspected by the Department of Education. The courses include: Grades VII and VIII, High School, including Honour Matriculation, Business courses, Music, Dramatics, etc.

Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the principal Rev. A. E. MacKenzie, B.A.

ALBERT COLLEGE

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

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For Young Men	For Girls and Young Women	For Boys

For a truly merry Christmas

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131-2M

Food

AT A private buffet party at the Savoy Plaza hotel in New York, we were urged, by a waiter with an interest in good food, to try an onion, cheese and bacon pie. It was delicious and we asked for the recipe. This necessitated seeing the chef, who, with Gallic gallantry, insisted on typing the recipe out for us then and there, with cautionary advice on the side. "When I say 'sauté slightly', it must be just that and no more," and, "the large onions are very large and cut so very fine, you weep."

Ingredients:

1 pint milk
3 whole eggs and 2 yolks
Grated cheese (half imported Swiss and half Parmesan)
2 large onions
6 strips bacon

Dough for Crust

½ lb. flour
1/3 lb. shortening and butter
¼ cup water

In order to have pie crust very crisp, bake the shell in advance. Sift the flour with just a little salt. Then add—but it must be cold—shortening and butter mix (half and half) and cut in as quickly as possible. Add ¼ cup water, using only a small portion at a time until mixture will hold together. Let cool and stand about 10 minutes. Roll out and place in pie pan. Line the dough shell with wax paper and partially fill with dry beans. Bake 10 minutes and then remove paper with the beans. Let crust cool off.

Now for the ingredients. Mince those large onions fine and sauté tender. Also cut, in Julienne style, the strips of bacon and slightly sauté. Assemble and mix with abandon, milk, whole eggs, the yolks and grated cheese (quantity depending on your own taste). When crust is cool, put in the onions and bacon and pour the filling over them. Bake about 15 to 20 minutes in moderate (350°) oven.

• •

Well Read? Well, Read!

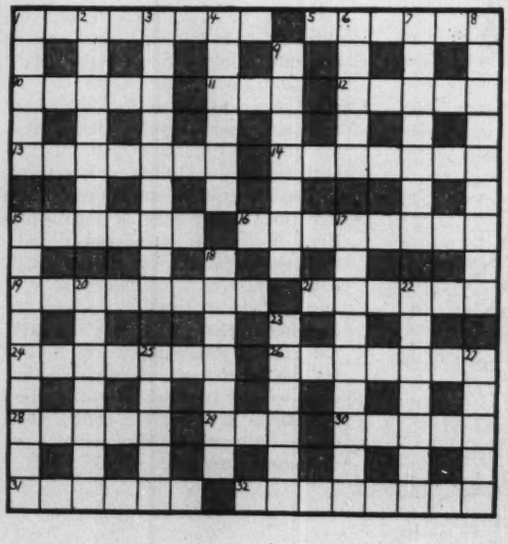
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1, 2. The author is ugh! so terse, mamma! (8, 7)
5. Did Peter Pan discover he'd lost his when the sun rose? (6)
10. How one goes on a world tour? (5)
11. It's not striking that it will 16 to kill. (3)
12. There's a material difference between putting it this or any other way. (5)
13. They hold what often go with 15 down. (3, 4)
14. Might possibly take a while to produce Romberg's operetta. (7)
15. Harry composes practically the whole of 1 across, and Canadian music. (6)
16. To squeeze an M.P. into congress requires the removal of a small no good element. (8)
19. As one, Red 26 must reach another conclusion. (8)
21. Group formed by two of 1, 2's movies? (6)
24. He's as conceited as a rooster. (7)
26. See 31.
28. Perhaps those who are, disrobe secretly to hide what they are. (5)
29. He and Al appear alike, in a general way. (3)
30. Sadie gets around, but don't let that give you wrong ones about her. (5)
31, 26. "When rain's a-pelter, Run ..... To a shelter". (6-7)
32. See 20.

DOWN

1. Country of Assyrians sans sans. (5)
2. See 1 across.
3. Ha! I have divided the communists. (9)
4. Take me up to the chief to get a mouldy raise! (6)
6. He's the enduring type of perennial author. (5)
7. When castles in the air are built? (7)
8. A play of 20, 32 gets direct opposition in sound from 1 across. (9)
9. Great Scott! He's a man or I'm mistaken! (7)
15. Just the material for baggy pants? (9)
17. Retire, pet, into the past. (9)
18. Elia, his sister, his cousins and his aunts? (7)
20, 32. Sounds like Mac's in good health before he gets his darn nose twisted. (7,8)
22. Ties worn by horses. (7)
23. A rear end is bound to be! (6)
25. Does it look beastly, Daisy? (5)
27. Concerning that original something from a tree. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 18 down. The Light That Failed
10. Integer
11. Rut
12. Few
13. Inert
14. Statement
15. Gutter
17. Footpath
18. See 3
21. Stewed
24. Irritated
26. Meter
27. Eva
28. Ode
29. Lucrece
30. Electric eels

DOWN

2. Hot seat
3, 18 across. Light-fingered
3, 9. Light-switch
4. Girls
5. Tornado
6. Hottentot
7. Taffeta
8. Wiring
9. See 3
16. Electrode
18. See 1 19. Narrate
20. Entreat 22. Wet cell
23. Darker 25. Dalai
26. Macle (280)

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Office visitors are notably impressed with this modern touch . . . reach for the switch and your visitor waits for the click. But these G-E Mercury Switches are absolutely silent, and you appear to have only pointed a finger to turn on the lights!

Better still, because G-E Mercury Switches have no blades to wear, they outlast ordinary spring-type switches over and over.

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Films

The Lively Tudors

THE STORY OF PRINCESS MARY, the lively young sister of Henry VIII of England, was a ready-made scenario centuries before the movies were invented. It was while the cinema was still at the reel-and-crank stage that Charles Major dug up the record and made it into a turn-of-the-century best-seller, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Now Charles Major in turn has been dug up by Walt Disney, and the result is a live-action historical drama built on the old romance and re-titled *The Sword and the Rose*.

As the historical record stands, Henry VIII did, in fact, arrange to trade his pretty sister Mary, to the aging Louis XII for the goodwill of France. Louis, however, was a very bad risk, both matrimonially and physically, and Mary, a gifted negotiator herself, consented to Henry's plans only on the condition that her second marriage be to the Duke of Suffolk, the man of her choice. Five months of the companionship of his bride put Louis in his grave, and Mary promptly married her Duke, taking the precaution of rushing the ceremony through before Henry could go back on his bargain. They were a lively family, the Tudors, and a godsend to the historical dramatists of later centuries.

With fine romantic haste, *The Sword and the Rose* doesn't bother going into historical research in depth. It merely elaborates, in Technicolor, on the conventions and inventions supplied by novelist Major. The Duke of Suffolk (Richard Todd) is now a commoner, a period athlete who can out-wrestle, out-fence, out-shoot and out-ride anyone in the realm. He also out-wits Cardinal Wolsey, and manages to out-live the Duke of Buckingham, who made the mistake of having him knocked on the head and dumped in the Thames. Naturally, the Princess Mary (Glynis Johns) falls madly in love with this prodigy; after that it is just a question of wheedling Brother Henry into position and putting the unfortunate Louis underground.

The whole thing makes a lively historical romp, played with plenty of energy, and no discernible edge. Glynis Johns' Princess Mary combines bounce with charm, which is quite a feat in itself. As Henry VIII, James Robertson Justice may remind you more forcibly of Comedian Jack Oakie than of the tigerish Tudor he is supposed to represent, but he seemed to be having a fine time. So did Richard Todd, as the athletic Charles Brandon. It's a fair enough blend of pageantry and violence, and most of the time the high spirits of the cast managed to communicate themselves to the audience.

For *Prowlers of the Everglades,* the Walt Disney camera crew was sent to the 300-square mile tract of Florida swamp and jungle where alligators breed and prey. The Disney camera has concentrated here on the grim rather than on the antic, and while the film lacks the charm of some of its predecessors in the "Time-Life Adventure" series, it still tells an incredible and fascinating story.

The redoubtable Margaret Rutherford turned up in two comedies during the week — *Innocents in Paris* and *Miss Robin Hood.* Both were rather slight affairs, but comedienne Rutherford threw herself into them with enough energy to qualify her for at least an honorary spot on the British Olympic team.

In addition to Miss Rutherford, the cast of *Innocents in Paris* includes Alistair Sim, the British comedian, and attractive Claire Bloom. It is one of the familiar omnibus comedies which takes a group of assorted characters and whisks them off by plane to their various destinies. Apart from Margaret Rutherford as an amateur artist, and Alistair Sim as a hypochondriac Cabinet minister who manages to wring a concession from the Soviet delegate in Paris, none of the travellers roused my interest to any great extent.

Still armed with her enormous carryall bag, Miss Rutherford turned up the same week in *Miss Robin Hood,* a rather foolish little comedy having to do with the publishing business. Before it was over, the plot had become almost as cluttered as the inside of Miss Rutherford's bag, so I shall not attempt to deal with it here.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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Do the Blind Possess a Sixth Sense?

EVERY day on my way to the office, I meet a blind man, and the strange or rather astonishing way in which he acts has intrigued me for some considerable time.

A blind man in the streets of London; could that be a source of curiosity? Is it not a common sight since the war? We have seen many others, some guided by a faithful four-legged friend, others feeling for the kerb with a stick. But my blind friend had neither dog nor stick; he just walked along like anyone else, and I should never have suspected his blindness had I not now and then caught sight of him waiting patiently at a street corner for someone to help him across.

One day when doing him this little service I was unable to resist asking how he managed to find his way around so easily. "It must be a great strain to walk along without seeing where you're going," I said. "But isn't it just a little dangerous? And his reply:

"I was mixed up in a little affair with Jerry at El Alamein. There was some heavy fighting and I was pretty badly knocked about. When I came to, it turned out my sight was done for. To begin with I used to get around with a dog; then I thought it would be more practical to perfect my memory. And now, once I have been led somewhere once, I can always find my way back there a second time, alone. My memory is so good that I can give music lessons and lead a life at home that is practically normal."

I told him that for my career I had great need for a good memory and that if he would tell me of the method he had used he would indeed be doing me a good turn. He suggested that I should read through a little book which explained very simply the workings of the brain. Acting on his advice, I too made surprising and rapid progress.

Thanks to this method I now remember with incredible ease whatever I have read, my favourite airs, the names and faces of people who visit me, the lectures I have to give, and I have succeeded in learning Spanish in four months.

A year ago I had the good fortune to meet the author of this book and I promised him to recommend his method to my fellow countrymen once it had been translated. Mr. Borg, who is now on a visit to England, has just had this translation published, and I am glad of this opportunity of publicly expressing my gratitude.

You, too, must be eager to acquire that mental power which is a major factor for success in life, so apply to Mr. Borg for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." He sends it free of cost to all who wish to improve their memory. Here is his address: Mr. R. W. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin, Ireland. Write at once, for he will soon be leaving to give a series of lectures in France.

B. MITCHELL.

ADVT.

The Backward Glance

35 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE COVER PAGE OF SATURDAY NIGHT for Sept. 28, 1918, bore a large cartoon showing the German Emperor standing at a railroad crossing, waving a flag lettered PEACE, and trying to halt an onrushing train carrying a placard, "Allies' Special To Berlin—No Stops". The Allies, as victors, have not always shown political sagacity in their dealings with the vanquished; this was apparent in 1918, and even more so in 1945, when they allowed the Russian armies to rape and pillage their way across Germany, leaving Berlin as an isolated island miles inside Red-occupied territory. Whether it would have been feasible, politically, morally or militarily, to have given Germany an early peace, and then allowed her to keep the Russians outside her borders in 1945, is open to question, but it makes an interesting speculation today.

Another Front Page item was entitled "The Records Of Lenine And Trotsky" and had this to say about the leaders of the Russian Revolution. "Lenine (his name had not yet lost its final "e") is a renegade Russian named Ulianoff, who in Switzerland passed by the German name of Zederblum, and later stole the name of Lenine from a deceased Russian exile and economic writer of ability. Trotzky is a German agitator named Bronstein, with a record in anarchistic circles prior to the war, and probably a spy and *agent provocateur*."

The Bookshelf carried a photograph of the American poet and critic Joyce Kilmer, who had recently been killed in France. His death in action followed those of Alan Seeger and Rupert Brooke; to this writer, the deaths of these three young poets point up more than anything else the waste of war. It was Joyce Kilmer who wrote, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree . . .", while Alan Seeger will be remembered for, "I have a rendezvous with Death, at some disputed barricade." Rupert Brooke, who, like Alan Seeger, was 28 when he was killed, wrote some of the most stirring lines in English poetry in *The Soldier*. What Englishman could ever fail to be moved by the sonnet beginning, "If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England. . . ."?

Gabriele d'Annunzio also got his picture in SATURDAY NIGHT, which lauded him as a great Italian patriot and war hero, but could not praise him as a poet. D'Annunzio was known as the greatest of living decadent writers (a back-handed compliment, if we've ever read one), and was *the* lover of Eleonora Duse, although she had hosts of lovers who worshipped her from afar, in the manner of the bachelor hired-man in the U.S. who, when he died, left his estate to Greta Garbo.

In 1918 the advertising slogan was coming into its own, and two of them contained in the issue of Sept. 28 were, "A Skin You Love To Touch" and "His Master's Voice". Two other soap ads bore the following slogans: "It Floats", and "Have You A Little Fairy In Your Home?"

The slogans listed above should not prove difficult for quiz experts, but do you know what goods or services used the following: "The Finest In The Land", "Would You Entrust Your Affairs to a Friend's Management?", "The People's Road", "In Union There Is Strength", "The Flavor Lasts", "Alas, My Poor Brother!" "A Friend In Need", "The National Smoke", "King of Pain", "Say It With Flowers", "Chases Dirt", "Always Fresh In The Can—Always Fragrant In The Cup", and "The Paper Worth While"?

A reader with the initials W.R. asked Gold & Dross whether he had better sell or hold on to some Imperial Russian Government 5½ Internal Loan bonds. G&D said, "If you have a modest lot, I think you can hold them, but if you purchased around thirty I think there is a long pull ahead of you." That is what is called an *astronomical* pull, measured in light years.

Under Literary Gossip we read: "The original edition of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*, as is well known, so signally failed to sell at all that it was finally exposed by its desperate publisher at 1d. a copy. Swinburne and Rossetti discovered that it was cheap at the price, bought several copies, and told their friends of the unexampled bargain in poetry. It soon won such esteem that, in the words of Andrew Lang, 'to adore it was a sign of grace, and in the long run to admire Omar became a substitute for a liberal education.'" We agree with Mr. Lang about the *Rubáiyát* being the last refuge of the semi-literate, who wouldn't know a couplet from a coupling. The next kook who quotes, "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," in our direction is going to get a gizzard full of bridgework for his pains.

Among the street-tagging captains for a Belgian Tag Day to be held shortly in Toronto, with proceeds going to Belgian relief, were the following members of the *haute monde*: Miss Church (the sister of Toronto's bachelor mayor at that time, Tommy Church), Mrs. C. E. Burden, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. H. S. Osler, Mrs. Ambrose Small (who would later become internationally known as the wife of the still-missing Toronto theatrical man), Mrs. Harold Van der Linde and Mrs. S. H. Allen.

Lady Pellatt was the hostess for "a very delightful little tea at Casa Loma during a session of the Anglican Synod." To anyone who has ever visited Toronto's famous castle, Casa Loma, it is impossible to believe that anything "little" ever happened there, and it is also almost impossible to believe now that the place was ever inhabited by the Pellatts, rather than by gawking tourists, luncheoning Kiwanians or Glen Gray's orchestra, which was named "The Casa Loma Orchestra" after playing there several years ago.

The picture window of today would have received short shrift from a writer in SATURDAY NIGHT of thirty-five years ago who said, "We think that persons as a rule make the mistake of having windows too many and too large. After all, we are not hothouse plants, and there are reticences and sanctities which ought to be concealed from the man in the street who, of course, has his own sanctities and reticences." He goes on to say, "We confess we never threw a pebble at a window, but we did throw a pellet of clay against an enchanted pane once, and the window was opened with the loveliest hand in all the world. Happy days! happy days!" There was nothing reticent about you, you old roué!

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THIS IS CANADA

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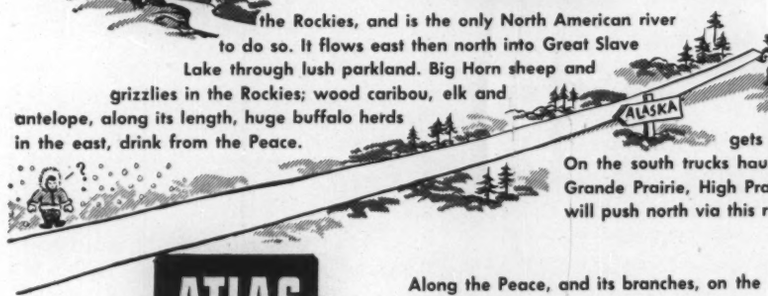
of Alberta is Peace River. Nearby Grimshaw elevators held a record 1,650,000 bushels in 1952. McMurray is on the Athabaska Tar Sands and produces much salt. Coal from the Smoky River, natural gas, lead and zinc and great timber resources assure growth.

THE PEACE CUTS THROUGH

the Rockies, and is the only North American river to do so. It flows east then north into Great Slave Lake through lush parkland. Big Horn sheep and grizzlies in the Rockies; wood caribou, elk and antelope, along its length, huge buffalo herds in the east, drink from the Peace.

THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY



gets a running start from Dawson Creek. On the south trucks hauling grain reach Edmonton through Grande Prairie, High Prairie and Athabaska. Industrialization will push north via this route.

Along the Peace, and its branches, on the Alaskan Highway, north into the Great Slave Lake region Atlas specialty steels are helping the march of civilization and a new era for the Peace.

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